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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# LOWE THE LABORER;

OR,

Seven Years in Eastern Oregon,

AND

SEVEN YEARS IN

# THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

THE COMMON SENSE SOLUTION

OF THE GREAT LABOR PROBLEM.

By THOS. R. LOWE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA:

OCTOBER, 1877.

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# CACHE CREEK, YOLO COUNTY.

It was on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1857, I met with Mr. J. M. Harbin in Sacramento City; of whom four days afterwards I purchased a large tract of land on Cache Creek, extending down to the Sacramento River in Yolo County, Cal., for the sum of seventy thousand dollars. Whilst we were looking at the land, Mr. Harbin called my attention to the subject of irrigation, and how admirably that tract of land was adapted to it, and how easily the waters of Cache Creek could be run out on to it. I was much pleased with the idea. Some of the reasons for my buying so large a tract of land was, I was desperately smitten with the natural wealth and beauty of the land; I thought it was the most beautiful country on earth. I had also heard many of my friends in the mines who had families, say, that they would like to find a good country in the agricultural districts in which to locate; moreover I had formed an exalted opinion of the agricultural wealth of California; thought it surpassed all other countries nearly as much in agricultural as mineral wealth; but soon after making the purchase there was a great excitement gotten up, and word was sent abroad that I had purchased a large tract of land with a bogus title, and it was but a short time until all my acquaintances heard this. Although time has proven the report to be utterly without foundation, in fact it hurt the sale of the land wonderfully; and to make matters worse, I believe we had two or three successive droughts or seasons so dry, that very poor crops were raised. This was the worst streak of luck that I had then ever struck; it was almost impossible to sell land. During this period I would watch the clouds with the greatest anxiety, and welcome every little breeze from the south. The price of land kept dropping in spite of prodigious efforts on my part to bull the market, as I was loaded to the guards with it.

After letting things run along in this manner for a couple of years, I came to the conclusion that watching the clouds and praying for rain had ceased to be a virtue, and began to think about trying what virtue there was in irrigation. I rode up and down Cache Creek several times, from Cacheville to the Cañon, and concluded it would be an easy matter to run the water out of Cache Creek through the natural channels that headed near the cañon. It seems the idea of irrigation had entered the heads of nearly all the solid men of Cache Creek about the same time. I believe it was in the Fall of 1859, that the late Hon. J. A.

Hutton, the Hoppin Bros., W. G. Hunt, J. T. Daly, S. N Mering, Humphrey Cooper, Abram Griffith, Wm. Griffith, Mr. Brooks and myself formed a joint stock company, for the purpose of constructing an irrigation canal out of Cache Creek, on to our lands above and below Cacheville on both sides of the creek. When the snbject of location came up, I proposed immediately that we should utilize the aforesaid natural channels, by going up to the mouth of the cañon, and from that neighborhood cut a short canal from the creek and turn the waters into the natural channels, and it would run from there of its own volition to Knights Landing, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and running as close to Cacheville as necessary. The natural channel I proposed to appropriate for the company after reaching within five miles of Cacheville, occupied the highest ground in the country, except that on the bank of Cache Creek. It was in fact a canal made by nature, superior to any artificial canal we could construct, with the slight defect that it was a little too large for our purpose; my proposition received no favor whatever; some members of the company said that if we had to to go fifteen or twenty miles up the creek to get a starting point they wished to be excused. I had very elevated ideas in regard to the effect the construction of an irrigation canal would have on the price of land. I thought land that was dull at eight or ten dollars an acre, would advance to forty or fifty; consequently was more anxious than any one to have it completed; and although bitterly opposed to the location after being informed by Judge Hutton that under the then existing laws a right of way could not be obtained through my favorite route, I consented to location as it now stands. I was sadly disappointed at the effect the completion of this canal had on the price of land. Nobody would use the water after the ditch was cut.

Owing to so many dry seasons and not having my usual luck, I turned my attention towards the mines again; sold off large tracts of land at low prices, and invested the proceeds in mining operations; intending, however, to keep four or five thousand acres around Cacheville and between that place and Woodland, and thought when I got to making big money in the mines, I would indulge my passion for farming, as I was firmly convinced that there was immense profit in agriculture whenever good land and moisture were brought together in proper proportions; but the best laid plans of mice and men, etc., and as fortune had failed to smile on my undertaking in the Great Valley of California—she really frowned upon me when I went back to operating in the mines; and through a combination of untoward circumstances, I soon found myself utterly ruined financially.

The strangest part of the whole affair to me, was, why irrigation upon which I had had such great expectations, had proven so barren of results; for here was the most beautiful country on earth with rich alluvial soil ten or twelve feet deep, whose only drawback seemed to be lack of moisture. Here were large natural channels just about the right size for main canals, heading near where Cache Creek debouches from the foothills that run out through the heart of the country for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles on either side. All that had to be done to convert those channels into first-class irrigation canals, was to procure a right of way through the lands through which they run; connect Cache Creek with these by short canals not more than one mile in length; thus at a very trifling cost, a country embracing about 100,000 acres of land could have been supplied with water; but I have been compelled to give up my land and ditch property to pay my liabilities, and then did'nt pay them all. Now I could look back and see very clearly that in coming to Yolo County I had taken hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma entirely, and regretted deeply that I had not went after the water when I came there, instead of the land, for it was apparent to me at that time—when too late—that the water was of more value than the land, and I could have appropriated all the water for half the money I had paid out for the land. Although I had been interested in many paying operations since my arrival in the State, I thought at that time the best chance for a paying investment I had ever seen was laying open there, in appropriating the waters of Cache Creek and the natural channels for irrigation purposes.

Notwithstanding irrigation had been tried and found wanting, pronounced impracticable and all that sort of thing, my own experience and the voice of nature expressed through the aforesaid natural channels to me, that "that country was to be irrigated;" but it was useless for me to think of doing any thing with them at that time, owing to my unfortunate situation.

About this time (May 1st, 1862), having then been in the country about thirteen years, and save in the fall and winter of '49 and the spring of '50, I had taken very little stock in manual labor. I had a strong desire now that I was broken in fortune to go to work, and the Salmon River excitement having been raging for six months or so, and on the invitation of a friend who was going there with a band of horses, went along with him. We had a delightful trip up there through the Webfoot nation; we crossed the Cascade Mountains about twenty miles south of Mt. Hood, on the emigrant road between the Wide Willamette and

## EASTERN OREGON.

I was astonished after descending to the high dry rolling prairies of Eastern Oregon, at the interminable sea of bunch grass, tough looking grass, bunches from two to three feet apart, looking like a paradise for stock men. From the base of the Cascade Mountains to Walla Walla Valley a distance of 160 miles, the country maintained the same general appearance, with the exception of about 5,000 acres in Tyghe Valley, and about 10,000 acres on the Umatilla Meadows; there was very little land fit for cultivation between those two points. On arriving in

## WALLA WALLA VALLEY

en route for Salmon River, we met a lot of California boys with whom we were acquainted, returning from the excitement with such unfavorable reports, that I concluded to stop in that valley for a time.

Walla Walla is one of the most beautifully situate towns on the continent, has a delightful climate; the valley is unsurpassed for productiveness, being well watered by small streams putting in from the Blue Mountains every mile or so. I was perfectly delighted with the general appearance of things, and thought if I could get into something that suited, I would go to work and try and build me up a habitation and a home there. My first day in the valley I noticed about forty large teams engaged in hauling fire wood from the nearest point on the Walla Walla River where wood could be found, a distance of about twelve miles to the town and fort; the river running nearly parallel with the road to town for a distance of eight miles. The Walla Walla River is peculiar in this, that in the mountains it is one stream, and on reaching the valley it divides into numerous small streams. I reconnoitered the country for a couple of days, and thought I had discovered a good location for a wood floating enterprise. There was a natural channel about the right size in which to float wood, putting out of the east branch of the river (the branch nearest the town) about two miles below the timber, and running parallel with the road for a couple of miles to where it passed a very low pass in the foot-hills; this pass being the head of a ravine three miles long that ran off in the direction of the town and fort, and to get through this pass a cutting of only about two feet in depth and twenty feet in length was to be made to get water into the head of the ravine. My idea was to clear out the channel of the east fork up to the timber, turn water through the natural channel cut through the aforesaid low pass, turn the water into the ravine from whence it would run to within four miles of town, and open up water transportation for wood over half way to the town and

fort, and go into the wood business strong. I only had about thirty dollars to start in with. I knew the aforesaid natural channel and the long ravine was the key to this enterprise, and about my third day in the valley I bought me a pick and shovel and went to work. In the meantime I had located a very level alkaline flat of about one hundred acres at the lower end of the aforesaid long ravine for a ranch. In about three months after starting in, I had the water running through the whole of the works, to the utter astonishment of all the natives; they seemed to think I had performed quite a wonderful feat in having conveyed quite a large stream of water a distance of five miles with my own hands with a pick and shovel, and no instrument but my eye to direct me, in so short a time; but what was most astonishing was what I did it for. The idea of floating wood in a small ditch was just as preposperous to them as the idea of sending a message through a submarine wire cable, from Europe to America, would have been to the average American citizen fifty years ago. Here was a factor of vital importance that I had never taken into consideration, that is, what those good people thought; I had started into an enterprise that would perhaps cost $1000 to put it on a paying basis; with thirty dollars I had done enough to secure it and thought it would be as of old in California, where all I had to do was to secure something in which there was great prospective profit to be made, and it was always an easy matter to have the money put up; I thought that if I had $500 I could complete it for floating wood up to the first timber; but I had as well tried to get the people of that valley to have taken stock in a railroad to Alaska, as to invest anything in my little enterprise. I dare say if such an enterprise had been offered at that time in Virginia City, by a person favorably known, for one-half of it it would have been taken in three hours. Mr. Bigham one of the shrewdest men in the valley and a prominent stockman, told me, that if ever I succeeded in making an enterprise like that a success, that I could command him in all things; that he would follow wherever I would lead. At that time I had never seen or heard of wood being floated in a ditch seven or eight feet wide; but I was certain that the matter of practicability resolved itself into two questions, viz: whether water would run down hill, and that dry wood would float; but while preparing for turning the water, I trimmed up a portion of the natural channel for a distance of one mile, and would carry sticks of wood and throw them into it; after turning the water through, I tried as many as one hundred, and they all went through without lodging; since when, I have read in the papers often about people driving wood down the Carson River, and hav'nt the slightest doubt of its practicability. I could have turned the water

through the whole of the route in two weeks time, had I not taken up so much time in fitting up the one mile aforesaid, to try the experiment of whether wood could be floated in that manner. After trying it and seeing it work so nicely, I was satisfied that I could have floated wood to Panama providing I had as good a channel all the way. I tried my level best on everybody with whom I talked, to get them to put up the necessary amount of money, but "there was no speculation in their eyes." I worked for ranchmen and farmers, and would get them to swap work; they using their teams. In this manner I completed about one and one-half miles more of ditch, through which wood could be floated.

At that period, I was, perhaps, one of the most hopeful and sanguine of the sons of men. I never entertained the idea for a moment that it was possible for me to fail in so promising an enterprise. Was perfectly satisfied that within the near future I would have an enterprise off of which I could make ten or fifteen thousand dollars per annum, with a chance to get up an occasional "corner" in the wood market, off of which I could make a strike. There was a large body of waste or desert land that lay off to the right of my ditch, and between it and the Blue mountains, that appeared almost irreclaimable, to which I devoted a vast amount of study, in regard to the best means of converting into productive farms. I studied every conceivable plan I could think of, and studied how I would eventually send wood all the way to the town and fort, through my canals, all of which was extremely practicable. I intended to beautify and adorn the desert portion of the country, wherein my canals could reach, to the utmost of my ability. And had studied out exactly how to do it, as I thought, in the most efficient manner. (But there was a small financial problem involving about $1,000 that seemed to be most difficult to solve. Whilst studying on this enterprise in all its bearings—floating wood, reclaiming land, etc., the idea occurred to me very forcibly, that water could be converted into a much more valuable servant to mankind than hitherto had been dreamt of in our philosophy. But I was deeply disappointed at my lack of financiering ability, but consoled myself with Queen Elizabeth's saying, "that the prosperity of a jest depends more upon the ear that hears it, than upon the tongue that speaks it." I concluded that I would go to the Boise mines, and try and make money enough to complete my canal, for the purpose of floating wood. And about the first of May, 1863 a party of gentlemen came along through the valley, going on an excursion to the Boise mines, who were greatly in need of some one to go with them who understood the management of a train of pack mules. I soon made a bargain to go with them. They had plenty of help,

but none of the men understood lashing the packs on securely, and it bid fair to become a great source of annoyance and delay to them. They were much pleased when they found out that I was an "expert" at it, and that henceforth they were to have no more trouble from that source. On arriving in the mines, I got a job the first day I was there, for seven dollars a night, for ground sluicing, on Bannock Bar, and had steady employment for about a month, when the water began to fail. Whilst I was in the Boise mines, I noticed where two or three clear headed miners had located the waters of a large creek for mining purposes. With their own labor, they had cut a large ditch, about six feet wide and three feet deep, from the creek, for a distance of two or three hundred feet, which brought their ditch to the first mining ground; and from thence there was rock mining ground ahead of them. for a distance of ten or twelve miles, that their ditch would cover; and on completing it this short distance, they commenced selling water at a high price. And to extend their enterprise through this extensive gold field, all they had to do was to make the survey, and the owners of the mining ground ahead of them willingly completed their work, and took their pay in water at cash prices. Thus they soon built themselves up a property that paid them twenty-five hundred dollars a day. I thought that this was one of the happiest little enterprises that had ever come under my observation, and wondered if I would ever be lucky enough to make such a strike, as I was much in need of such an enterprise.

On the breaking out of the Owyhee excitement, I went there prospecting around until I had spent all I had made at Boise, and went to work for six dollars a day. Started down in the fall with only a couple of hundred dollars for Walla Walla again. There seemed to be an irresistible attraction about the work of cutting canals and handling water for me. On the trip down, in company with some young men whose acquaintance I had made in the mines, I explained my enterprise to them, and as they had all been lucky in the mines, they said they would go in with me and complete it. They all thought, however, that there would be a better chance for an enterprise of that kind on the Umatilla river, as there was a new and flourishing town (Umatilla) just looming up at the confluence of the aforesaid river with the Columbia, that bid fair to become the most important town in Eastern Oregon, as it was virtually the head of navigation of the Columbia, and the distributing point for all the freight for the great mining country that we were then leaving. They thought we might get sale for a great deal of wood to the steamboats plying on the Columbia river, as, at that time, they

were compelled to boat their wood up from the Dalles, and freight it at forty dollars per ton.

I went with them to the Umatilla, and upon examination, we concluded that it was practicable.

The nearest body of timber on the Umatilla, of any considerable magnitude was sixteon miles distant from the town, by land,—ten miles of the road being heavy sand. At twelve dollars per cord teamsters could but make a bare living; about all the work we had to do to put our enterprise on a paying basis was to cut a canal from out the Umatilla river, commencing at the upper end of the meadows and running through them a distance of seven miles, and then turning the water back into the river, from whence there was no obstruction for floating wood to town, it being impossible to float wood around the meadows on account of its devious and winding course. The meadows contained about ten thousand acres of land that could be irrigated from our canal, and but a small portion of this land would produce anything but sage brush without irrigation. We would only have to cut the canal half a mile from the starting point, until we came to farms that required irrigation—and barley was worth two or three cents per pound.

We incorporated the Umatilla Canal Co. for the purpose, amongst other things, of clearing the channel of the Umatilla river from the pine forests in the Blue Mountains, and cutting a canal through the meadows for the purpose of irrigation and floating wood, logs and lumber to the town of Umatilla. But before we went to work my backers concluded that it would cost more to put the enterprise on a paying basis, than they could raise; I showed them that if they would advance me a thousand dollars that in less than one year's time I would have property for them that would earn $1200 a month as long as Umatilla town held up, and at this time it bid fair to continue to be the most important point in Eastern Oregon. But no, they were satisfied that it would cost ten thousand dollars to cut the canal through the meadows alone. They were my friends, and were very reluctant to abandon me; but that was a hard country, and prudence, and the advice of their friends there compelled them to do it. My backers turned the stock of the company all over to me. I went to work chopping wood on the meadows for $1.50 a cord until I had made a small stake. There were many settlers on the meadows who thought they wanted water for irrigation, but didn't think they were able to construct the canal. I examined the route carefully, and found that the principal engineering difficulty to overcome, in completing the canal for irrigating, was a gravel bar at the river, two hundred yards in width, the cutting being seven feet in the deepest place, but only averaging two feet and

nine inches. When that was cut through, two-thirds of the work for that purpose was overcome. I had money enough to buy tools and supplies for sixty days, and concluded that I would make one more trial—this being my third—and see if I couldn't make a success of irrigation; I thought I could cut a canal six feet wide, and the necessary depth through this bar, in sixty days. Shoveling cobble stones on a cobble stone bottom is a species of the hardest kind of work. It was perfectly terrific; when I would quit work for my meals, it was all I could do to face the work again. I had read of military commanders giving the soldiers, in desperate emergencies, gunpowder and whisky; I often thought, on starting in, that I ought to have some too. Many of the settlers, after I started in, offered to join in with me, and assist in getting the water out for water rights; I refused to give them permanent rights, but offered to hire them all and pay them in water, but failed to make terms with them. At the end of sixty days I had finished cutting through the bar, less about thirty feet in the deepest of the cutting. My supplies giving out, I went to work for the farmers, harvesting, and worked all summer. Harvesting seemed to me to be nothing but children's play, alongside of working on that gravel bar. Late in the Fall of 1864, a young man, a near relation of mine, a stalwart blacksmith, came up from Portland to see me; I showed him my canal and offered him one-half interest in it if he would go to work and help me finish it; to which he agreed. He thought, as I did, that when we had it completed so the farmers could irrigate, it would pay its own way. We went to work, and with about three months work each, we had the ditch so far completed that water could be sent to all the farms on the meadows. But the farmers would not use water to amount to anything, would water gardens, but that wouldn't pay us anything, and our canal was but a source of expense to us. My partner was perfectly disgusted with the enterprise, said he would never spend any more labor or money on it. It was an unfathomable mystery to me why people would not irrigate; we came to the conclusion that it was lack of enterprise or industry in the farmers. This Umatilla Canal was then in the same situation as the one at Walla Walla Valley, it needed six or seven hundred dollars more expended, so as to make it available for floating wood. I worked at harvesting and all kinds of farm labor until the next Spring, and some new diggings having been discovered on the middle fork of John Day's River, I was employed by the enterprising business men of Umatilla to open a direct trail to that point, as the trail then used was a length of about one hundred and seventy-five miles, and a direct route could be opened with a trail about ninety miles in length. In

opening up the trail we discovered some new diggings on the north fork of

JOHN DAY'S RIVER,

brought water on to them, tried ground sluicing, though we could make but two dollars a day each, four of us working. One of the party, an old hydraulic miner, yclept Texas, said we could make ten dollars a day with a hydraulic, and there seemed to be acres of that kind of ground. But two of our boys wouldn't hear of it; said they would have nothing more to do with the claim. But Texas was so extremely confident that we could make ten dollars a day, that my curiosity was excited to try it; but our partners were angry with us when we would try to prevail on them to try it, and did their level best to dissuade us from staying. Finally our partners gave Texas and myself a bill of sale of their interests, and we compelled them to take all the mouey we had on hand, which they were loth to do; but we were confident that we had a valuable claim, and tried our best to convince them of it, but there was no use in talking, go they would. Texas and I went to work, and it was late in the Fall before we made enough to buy a hydraulic, but finally did, and as soon as we got it in position, made seven or eight dollars per day each, with the small stream of water we had. We made money enough to lay in our winter's supply before the snow got too deep on the mountains that lay between us and Umatilla. We worked the claim until it got too cold, and then went to work preparing the claim for putting about half a dozen more men to work in the Spring; we enlarged the ditch, and whip-sawed lumber for a big flume. Then it was I found out what a terrible thing it was for two men to be out in the mountains, thirty-five miles from civilization, for about three months without seeing a human face divine, excepting their own. I remarked to Tex, oftentimes, that I would rather see a party of Snake Indians, (then a terror to that country) than to be longer alone by ourselves. But that was a hard country to make a strike in, and a chance to make ten dollars a day was not to be run off from. One day we had worked unusually late, and were getting our supper after it was quite dark; Texas was grinding coffee ; our cabin, made of tamarack bark, was not more than twenty feet from the river; I was out at the door and heard a noise as of many horsemen crossing the stream, but so dark one could see nothing. Now when white men came there of a night, on account of the rough crossing, they invariably would sing out for us to bring out a torchlight; I thought I understood what the noise meant, and went in and told Tex, to get his gun and come out, as there was a party of Snake Indians crossing the river after us. Texas swore

like a pirate and said "d—n 'em, why didn't they wait ntilu after supper;" but we jumped around lively, got our guns and got out in the willows, within a few feet of where the hostiles would come out, and waited for them. The noise continued, and we waited, but no Indians came ashore, and finally we discovered that an ice gorge had broken loose from some place up tne river, and made the noise going over the bare boulders in the crossing. When we ascertained what it was, we breathed more freely.

When the Spring opened, plenty of men came swarming into our camp; we put on a gang of men, worked our claim all summer, never made less than ten dollars to hand, and sometimes eighteen dollars. Many old miners came along there and said, "Lowe, you've got the best claim within five hundred miles of here." I enjoyed life here very much; it was an inconceivably pretty country around there, and there is no more gay or lively place in the wide world than a new and paying mining camp. Ours, it is true, was the only claim that was paying at that time, but there were hundreds of claims that prospected as well as ours did, and there were many young men engaged in getting water on to some of them. It cost a mere trifle to get water on to our claim as there was a large creek that we turned on to ours in a very few weeks, but all the balance of the claims had to cut ditches from the river at great expense of time, labor and money. Our claim was a high bar granite bed-rock, bed-rock about twenty feet above the level of the river.

During the mining season last mentioned, we worked out a cut on the upper end of our claim, about one hundred feet square, which paid, I think, about fourteen dollars per day to the hand. And on account of the inconvenience of working the dirt up stream, late in that season, we concluded to move our sluices and hydraulic down to the lower end of our claim, which was one thousand feet in length, and open the claim there, which we did. And before the water began to freeze, we worked a cut there about twenty-five feet square, it paying us from eighteen to thirty dollars per day to the hand. We thought that we had just got our claim fairly opened and prospected, and in so doing, it had paid for the building of a wagon road from our camp to Camas prairie, from whence there was a good wagon road to Umatilla and Walla Walla valley, a wagon bridge across the river, two or three miles of ditches from our creek, to work the high hills above our claim, some of them prospecting better than our claim, all of which improvements had cost us several thousand dollars. I next went out and spent the winter at Umatilla, and before I got in in the spring, Texas employed a lot of hands, and widened out our main ditch that was formerly about two and a half feet wide on the bottom to five

feet. Put in a big flume three feet wide, and I brought in a first class hose that would stand one hundred and twenty feet pressure, without straining it. We fitted up our claim to work it to the best possible advantage, and now expected to reap a golden harvest that would pay us for all the privations and hardships we had undergone, confidently expecting to make on average the summer through not less than twenty-five dollars per day to the hand. Texas and I had built the wagon road at our own expense. There was a flat on the river where we had thrown the bridge across, of about two acres, that we had fenced in for a town site, running our wagon road through the middle of it, expecting to get even on the sale of lots, providing the camp proved a success, as that was the only point for twenty miles up or down the river, that a wagon road could be possibly made; and as there seemed to be any quantity of claims, both up and down the river, that prospected better than ours, and a great many hardy and experienced miners were engaged in bringing water on to them; and I know of a certainty, that provided the claims all turned out as well as ours, that there was certain to be a great trading point at our place, " and where trade is, there's a town."

We had hitherto never tried to create any excitement in regard to our camp, but a great many miners from Canyon city and the Middle fork had come over and quietly went to work for wages in our claim, and satisfied themselves that it paid just what we said it did. They would then work for us until we could get other hands in their places, and quit us and go to work on claims of their own; and up to that time, that was the manner in which nearly all the miners then on the river, had gotten their introduction. But now, as we were fixing up for the second regular season, and there were a great many strangers there, some of whom looked as though they might have some money, I thought I would try and " set them up" a little. We employed nine of the best miners on the river for the season, to be divided into three shifts of eight hours each. They all understood working the claim perfectly. It was the calculation for the water never to be shut off, except for a " clean up", or on account of Sunday. My calculation was to run that claim now not only for the " biggest dollar" there was in it, but for " the bubble reputation." I wanted to sell one-half dozen, or so, corner lots for a thousand dollars apiece. When everything was in readiness, the water was turned on and worked until noon the first day; and the miners concluded that the sluices were not in the best shape, concluded to change them, and, of course, had to clean up, and in so doing, took out about one hundred dollars. That was all right. But what was the discomfiture of the miners on the north fork of John

Day's River, when it was ascertained, for a certainty, that that was the last run that claim ever paid expenses. Every one was satisfied that as Texas Bar went, so would go the river and all the claims thereon. It was well Texas had enlarged the ditch, for after working carefully for several days, and not finding the lead, we turned on a full head of water, and run a cut up through the center of the Bar, big enough to run a small sized steamboat, up to where we had left off the fall before, thinking, for a certainty, that there was good digging around there. But it seems that without knowing it, we had just worked to the pay line when we shifted it, having paid as well the last day as any. There is where I learned what an efficient leveling machine is a stream of twenty cubic feet of water per second, aided by a stream of water under one hundred and twenty feet pressure, in the inconceivable short time our boys were engaged gutting this big claim, at the same time stripping it to the bedrock. But so soon as the truth was known, stocks were down on the north fork. "Many a good tall fellow's hopes for a pile were shattered. There were many claims there about ready to open, but they all proved failures.

After this disaster, I came to the conclusion that there was no fortune for me in the northern county, and on or about the 20th October, 1869, I got aboard of one of Ben Holiday's steamers, and sailed out of Portland for California, having made three desperate, but unsuccesful, throws for a fortune.

On arriving in California, I was anxious to know what progress had been made in irrigation. I ascertained that nearly all the original shareholders of the Cacheville Agricultural Ditch Co. had given their stock to Judge Hutton, to get rid of paying the assessments. Irrigation was pronounced by everybody to be an unmitigated humbug. Most intelligent people would listen with marked impatience to any argument in favor of it. But I had received a dreadful lesson early in the engagement, and one that had made a lasting impression upon me. I could not but think on my return to California, that the business of appropriating and converting these natural channels into irrigation canals, was the best speculation in the country. But I had no money to do it, and I knew it was folly to try to induce any of my acquaintainces on Cache creek to put money into such enterprises. I would not have it understood that the Cache creek country is alone in being favored with natural canals; nearly the whole country is favored in the same manner.

I made up my mind to take a look through the San Joaquin Valley and find the most favorable location in the county for an irrigation canal, and take my chances in enlisting capital to assist me. My friend, Fred Cox, of the

firm of Cox & Clark, gave me an order for horses to all of their numerous ranches in the San Joaquin Valley, and for a vaquero to accompany me if necessary. I went to the Paso Robles Springs, and from thence to a rancho of my friends on creek, from thence to another rancho of theirs on the north end of Tulare Lake, and from thence down the "west-side" to Grayson on horseback. I thought the "west-side" was the best field for an irrigation enterprise in California on account of the dryness of the climate and the land being uncommonly smooth and level. Not so smooth on a level, however, as some lands on the south side of Cache Creek in Yolo County. I was traveling in company with an intelligent gentleman from Solano County, and on staying all night at Grayson's we sounded the landlord, who seemed to be the proprietor of the town site; Mr. Van Schoten, I think was his name, on the subject of irrigation. He seemed to think it was not a necessity in that valley. I was satisfied that the west side was the best field for irrigation in California, and my traveling companion pointed out King's River to me as we came along. And I knew from the "nature of things" that it was 100 to 8 that I could find a natural channel from some point on King's River leading right directly to the "west side." I knew it to be so from the doctrine of the "Eternal fitness of things." Although I hadn't been within 70 miles of upper King's River, I found on arriving there just what I expected to find, just what I was looking for

## SEVEN YEARS IN THE GREAT SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

It was about the middle of May, A. D. 1870, that I met Geo. W. Marshall, a young friend of mine in Sacramento City. He told me he wanted to take a trip down the San Joaquin Valley to find some government land on which to locate. I told him I would go along with him. And on *Friday*, the 20th day of May, we started together from his mother's house at Brighton, riding a horse apiece. Had one horse packed with the necessary camp equipage. We headed quickly for upper King's river. On our road down we stopped for about an hour at the large farm of Major Redding in the Alabama settlement, near where Borden is now located. The Major was a new settler in the valley but had purchased a large tract of land the fall previous, and had in quite a crop, and had a large tract of land summer fallowed in the most approved style. He seemed to be very enthusiastic on the subject of raising grain by that process. Although I had no faith in summer fallowing, I thought here is a gentleman who will succeed in this manner of farming if their is any such thing as success for it. I thought I would sound the Major on

my hobby of irrigation, and did so very cautiously. He gave me to understand that he thought it the champion humbug of the period.

From there we went to King's River in a day or two. Found it to be a river after my own heart, all that I could ask for. There was a large natural channel about 100 feet wide and five or six feet deep, heading close up to King's River near where it debouches from the foot-hills, and running far out into the centre of the great plain, half way to Fresno slough, that slough being the boundary line between this plain and the "west side." The engineering difficulties in getting King's River into this slough being very trifling. This slough runs out into the plains in the direction where Kingsburg now is on the R. R. Neither town or road being heard of then. There was another large slough which headed near Black Point into which it was an easy matter to get water into out of the one first mentioned. I was satisfied that I had found the right place. From there I went back up the country, and about the 20th of June I met a brother of mine, who lives at Woodland, Yolo county, and he looking upon me as running around the country doing no good for myself or anybody else, he told me he would give $5,000 to make a start with and to go to doing something. He charged me particularly to go and buy a band of sheep with the money and to take them to some place where I could get good range on government land, and told me if I would do so and stay four or five years that I would be "well fixed." So soon as I got the money I went to work and got three respectable young gentlemen friends of mine to incorporate the King's River and San Joaquin Valley Canal Company. For the purpose, among other things, of cutting a canal for irrigation and navigation from a point on and out of upper King's River about five miles above the town of Centerville in the County of Fresno via "the west side" to the town of Antioch, in Contra Costa County. It being, I believe, the first canal incorporated under the now famous law of 1870, in relation to canals and ditches. Articles were drawn up by Messrs. Daingerfield & Olney, and signed in their office on the 29th of June, 1870. Capital stock, $1,000,000; 5,000 shares at $200 each. I subscribed for all the shares but eleven. The officers of the company taking those. I took a contract for cutting the canal from out King's River at the starting post to Fresno slough for $5,000 per mile, and was appointed business manager of the Company, and authorized to locate the route, water rights, and to transact all business for the Company.

I believe it was on the 15th day of July, 1870, that I arrived at upper King's River to go to work. I was fully aware how necessary it was that I should make a success

this time, as all of my friends looked upon the enterprise with much disfavor, and knowing that I had made three unsuccessful attempts before. But in this case I thought there was not a location on the globe where so much could be done for so little. Here Nature had constructed large natural canals, running right into the heart of an immense desert that I was certain that water could make to bloom like the rose, and it was an easy matter to open out the head of these sloughs to the river.

I employed an engineer and located these natural channels for canals by running a survey down the middle of them; laid claim to water enough of King's River to fill a canal 100 feet wide and six feet deep; turned the river out of its bed about three-fourths of a mile above where I located the head of the canal. Whilst I was thus engaged I heard considerable talk of one

C. J. MOSES

that he had bought two-thirds of the Strong ditch, built by that enterprising and able ditch man, J. B. Strong, Esq. I have heard a great deal of evil report in regard to Mr. Moses. Thought from what I heard he was a nice old gent to keep a short distance away from, say about 10,000 miles. One afternoon after I had got about through locating these natural channels, I thought I would go over to Strong's Mill and spend the evening pleasantly, and talk "ditch" to Mr. Strong. But on my arrival at the mill, Mr. Moses was there. Mr. Strong gave me an introduction to him. We hadn't talked more than five minutes until we were in an angry discussion in relation to ditch matters. He told me he intended to extend the Strong ditch and run it down through certain natural channels to the Sink of Fancher Creek. I told him he could not do it as I had already located these for canal purposes for a corporation, which I represented according to the law of 1870. He seemed no more to understand this language that if I had spoken to him in the language of the Tarters. It seemed to utterly defy his comprehension. He didn't seem to understand, or have the remotest idea what kind of an object a corporation was, whether it was animate or inanimate. But finally recovered his temper and said: "Why, ar'ent I got Wood's Digest;" and declared positively that neither corporations nor the law of 1870 were mentioned in it. During the ensuing ten days I received many calls from Mr. Moses. He wanted, as he stated, to "come to some understanding." I told him that I wanted nothing to do with him or his canal. He always wanted, as he termed it, to "jine in with me." Finally, he got to bringing his wife and daughters along with him. I liked the appearance of the girls very much. There were three of them, aged from 12 to 17 years. Af-

ter he brought the girls along about half a dozen times, I began to consider his proposition a little more favorably. I thought a man must have some redeeming qualities that had such clever girls. The girls used to come over often and visit the good looking and intelligent landlady with whom I boarded, and I was on very friendly terms with them, and whilst my engineer was making up the maps of the various routes, I often went to their ranch out on the plains and visited them. Stayed sometimes a day or two. Finally I made Moses a liberal offer, as I thought. I offered to allow him to run the water of the Strong ditch through the natural canals on the condition that he pay his pro rata of the expense of bridging and other trifling expenses, and conditioned further, that he be not allowed to sell any water to outsiders, but only to use it on his own land.

Although I had succeeded in making it clear to his mighty intellect that I had him fairly "corralled" he utterly refused these liberal terms. He seemed to have an unconquerable desire to set up for a great man on his own account, (the only redeeming quality in his composition,) and finally, on the 18th day of October, 1870, I came to the conclusion that profoundly ignorant as Moses was there was an immense amount of rebellion and revolution in him, and might in his desperation get me into a world ol trouble, and perhaps cause me to make another failure, something I couldn't well afford, and concluded to comply with his long cherished wish and let him "jine in with me," he giving the King's River and San Joaquin Valley Canal Company a bill of sale of his interest in the Strong ditch ($\frac{2}{3}$). I gave him a bill of sale of one-half of the stock subscribed for by me on the books of that Company. He and I were then equal owners, the control being in my friends, the officers of the Company. We did'nt want it made public that we had consolidated, for the reason that we wanted to quietly buy up a controlling interest in the Centerville ditch, and on account of Moses's unpopularity we thought better to effect that before it leaked out. Consequently we couldn't get the deed acknowledged, as the officer before whom it would be taken might make it public.

Moses had no conception of the importance of the position we occupied. As I had located the natural canals, and with consolidation we were ready to turn on the water and occupy them as soon as we could purchase a right of way. And the way we had things located, it was almost an engineering impossibility to get water out in opposition to us, and we could send it out in quantities to suit, at a nominal cost. From long experience in cutting irrigation canals, I was of the opinion, that to make a financial success of one, we must not only put ourselves in position to

send water out in vast quantities, at a nominal cost, but to close the door to opposition. The nature of the country here, was admirably adapted for such a scheme, and I availed myself of the aforesaid natural advantages to the utmost. On the line of the canals, after getting through the settlements on King's River, there was a strip of land open to homestead and preemption, for a distance of six miles, and on turning water in these natural channels that ran through it, all we would have to do, would be to let it be generally known, and we could have it settled in a short time, with a desirable class of settlers. These people I intended to favor in every possible manner in getting out branch ditches, and to furnish them with water at such rates, that they would look upon the canals as a blessing. But I was to have it distinctly understood, that all the branch ditches were to belong to my company, it having the privilege of enlarging them at will. And as soon as we would have the country settled up, and branch ditches extending out from either side of our two main canals, almost at right angles with them for miles, it would then be literally impossible for an opposition canal to get out. As each one of these branch ditches would be a fortification against opposition, then we would have an empire in front of us, *hors du combat*. At that time then, there were quite a number of settlers located on the Northern or Fancher Creek route, who wanted water badly, most of them intelligent, enterprising people; just the kind of people that suited me. I was extremely anxious to get water out for them. And on that route, after the natural channel passed through the strip of government land above described, it ran into a tract of 80,000 acres, belonging to a San Francisco Land Association, whose office was in that city. The rustees of this Association were,

MR. W. S. RODIN,

Frederick Von Duining, and another gentleman whose name I did not know. I had heard that Mr. W. S. Rodin, one of the trustees aforesaid, one of the most noted land operators on the Pacific Coast, of whose ability I had very exalted ideas, from many sharp transactions that I had heard of his being the hero of, "sharper than a serpent's tooth." But I had heard that this terrible Mr. Rodin wanted water on his land badly, and furthermore, that his land was situate, much of it, on the northern line of my canal. I had heard a great deal of talk and read much of the daring operations of Mr. Rodin, although I undoubtedly had great admiration for his ability. I kind of wished his land was located in some moister climate. I had heard that he had expended a great deal of money in boring an artesian well close to my natural canal, that ran out through his land, and on his failure of getting water in

that manner, had employed an able engineer to run a line of levels from a certain point up King's River, and estimate the cost of an irrigation canal. I understood the engineer's estimate was so high from the starting point given him, that the project was abandoned. About the 20th of October, 1870, the maps and filed notes of the canal and branches being completed. I started to Sacramento City to file them in the Secretary of State's Office, leaving Mr. Moses in charge on King's River. I went through San Francisco, and thought I would call upon the trustees of the aforesaid Land Association. Called upon Mr. W. Rodin first, and showed him the maps and profile maps. Told him we were nearly ready to send the water down through the lands of his Association, and wanted to know of him how much subsidy in lands his company would give us to run the water through their land and at the same time, we giving his company the first right to purchase water on as favorable terms as any other locality no further from the base of supplies than theirs. He seemed to be a man of quick perceptive faculties, and hadn't examined the maps more than fifteen minutes, until he turned to me and said, "Lowe you don't look like a man capable of comprehending the magnitude and value of the enterprise you are handling." Told him I was afraid he had guessed me about right. He said he wanted to be in with me in the enterprise. That if I would let him in with me, he could get us 40,000 acres of land in the way of subsidies in a short time. But that he individually was not the kind of man that gave subsidies. He told me to take a walk round town; not be in a bit of a hurry, but to step in in the afternoon, and let him know on what terms I would let him have half of the enterprise. I dropped in in the afternoon, and told him I would take a township of land near where Fresno Station is now located, six miles square. Mr. Rodin said that would never do. That I had gone up to Fresno, spent ten or twelve hundred dollars, and now asked him one hundred and ten thousand dollars for one-half interest. Before I left, I believe he offered to give me a right of way, providing I would agree to run the water through the lands of the Association permanently. Told him I wouldn't do it, but if his company would give me 10,000 acres of land, and a right of way, I would go home and send the water down immediately. He gave me no definite answer to this proposition, but said as I was leaving, "That the time would come when I would be sorry I didn't let him in with me." I then called on Mr. Frederick Von Dwyning, another of the trustees. He told me that he had left the matter in the hands of Mr. Rodin entirely. I called upon several other large land holders, but found out that Mr. Rodin had been there ahead of me, and they were all waiting there to see what

he would do in the premises. They all wanted water badly, they thought, but I had run water out on to Umatilla Meadows, to people who *thought* they wanted water, and intended that these landholders should make me *know* they wanted water before they got any.

I went back to King's River, and went to work in earnest to procure a right of way. It was not until sometime in the month of January, 1871, that I could procure a right of way through to the head of Fancher Creek on the northern route. And to complete that I had to purchase the land a distance of one mile in length, and one-half mile in width through the low pass in the foot hills between King's River, and the head of Fancher Creek. I had purchased land on the same route previously, and then owned it for a distance of one mile, thus making two miles of ownership for the Canal Company, on the route of the survey.

## WM. ARNOLD,

There had been a young man in my employ nearly ever since I had commenced locating the canals, who was an old settler on King's River, by the name of Wm. Arnold, in whom I had implicit confidence. Whenever there was anything of importance to be done, that I couldn't give my personal attention, he always took charge of it. He seemed to take as much interest in the success of my enterprise, as I did. He seemed to be the only person in that part of the country who had any conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, and the tremendous engine I would control providing I could make everything work as I wanted to. He had been of great service to me, and I promised him that if I succeeded in my undertaking, I would give him, in addition to the small wages I was paying him, five per cent of the profits. He seemed to have great natural ability for the work in hand. I never made a movement without consulting diligently with him, and always received important suggestions from him. After I had purchased the last link in getting a right of way, Mr. W. C. Caldwell and the balance of the shareholders of the Centreville Ditch Company, with great kindness, told me that I might turn the Strong Ditch water into the Centreville Ditch, and it run down through their channel as far as necessary, and then turn it out together with all the surplus water of their canal, they not using one-tenth of the capacity of it. This was a stroke of good fortune entirely unlooked for, and a kindness, that I felt under a mountain of obligations for. With this great advantage, it would cost us but a trifle, now that we had a right of way, all the way to get the water through on the northern route, down near to where Fresno Station now is, a distance of 20 miles or so. The first thing to be done, was to cut a canal from the Centerville Ditch a few hundred

yards to our main natural canal; let the water run down that channel for a distance of a half a mile or so; then build a levee, about six feet high across said channel, and some other trifling work in the shape of cuts and levees, which would force the water through the aforesaid low pass in the foothills, to the head of Fancher Creek, from whence it would run through that natural channel to the center of an immense desert of 600,000 acres of land. Mr. Moses, Mr. Arnold and myself, held a consultation in regard to this work. The work to be done was all on lands belonging to the company, except the canal from the Centreville Ditch to the natural channel.

Finally Mr. Arnold proposed, if I would let him have the use of a large plow I had bought for ditching purposes, he would do the work above described for $312, to which Mr. Moses and I agreed. Mr. Moses agreed to have the money ready for the work as it progressed, as I had advanced the money for the right of way, and he was now to pay up everything, until he was even with me. About this time or soon thereafter, Mr. Arnold began to be suscious of Mr. Moses, and told me he thought Moses was intrigueing with parties below. And in a day or so, I received a letter from Mr. W. S. Rodin, in relation to canal matters, on the margin of which was written these ominous words, "Don't show this letter to Lowe." It looked to me that Mr. W. S. Rodin had been writing to Mr. Moses and myself the same day, and had put these words on the wrong letter. But I couldn't see wherein Mr. Moses could be dangerous, as he had no authority to act for the company.

About the time Wm. Arnold had completed the work for the canal, necessary to be done on the lands belonging to the Company, Mr. W. S. Rodin of San Francisco, and Capt. A. Y. Fairface of San Andreas, who also owned a large tract of land through which the northern line of my canal was to run through, put in their appearance. The Captain was reported to be a man of great wealth and high social standing. It seems that Mr. Moses, in his younger days, had been a body-servant to the Captain, and thought a great deal of him. They seemed to be Mr. Moses' guests, and he was showing them around for a day or so. I saw but very little of them. I believe they all stopped one night at the house of Wm. Arnold. I met Rodin a time or two whilst he was up, but he didn't appear to be communicative. Soon after Capt. Fairface and Mr. Rodin left, I went out to where Wm. Arnold was at work on the canal. He seemed to be very angry. He said he had found out what I had been saying about him, and how I intended to treat him as soon as I got through using him. That he had found it out through Moses. He reminded me of how faithfully he had served me and

watched my interests. I told him that some of these old persons had been putting up a job on us; that such ideas and language as he had imputed to me, had never entered my head. But he seemed to be irreconcilable; said that circumstances pointed out plainly that what he heard was true, and that henceforth he would be just as bitter against my interests as he had formerly been for me. And that Mr. Moses had sold, or was, about closing a trade with Messrs. Rodin, Capt. Fairface and others, for a sale of three-fourths interest in the canal, and that he had entered into a written contract for the building of the canal for Mr. Moses, individually. (The same work that he had verbally contracted with Mr. Moses and myself to do, for our corporation, and three-fourths of the work then had been performed) and that I, or the corporation I represented, was not known in this transaction. Here now was a complication. I could not consistently stop this work, as there were a great many settlers out a few miles on the line of the canal, to whom I had promised water as soon as possible, and they were, on account of previous dry winter, threatened with the total loss of their crops. I knew these conspirators could do nothing to prejudice my title to the property, for I believed Wm. Arnold to be an honest man, and that just as soon as he found out how he had been imposed upon, that he would indignantly quit the service of Rodin, Moses & Co. But I was very much provoked at him for allowing himself to be duped in that manner, by three or four abandoned and rascally old men. But he was as good as his word, for as he had hitherto not left a stone unturned to assist my cause, he was now equally active and vigilant to do everything in his power to overthrow me. He knew all my plans as well as I did. Knew, to a dollar, what money I had. And so soon as he completed his contract, unceremoniously turned the possession of the property over to Mr. Moses and his pals, who immediately incorporated a new company, styled The Fresno Land and Irrigation Co. The trustees of this new company were W. S. Rodin and Frederick Von Dwining of San Francisco, Capt. A. Y. Fairface of San Andreas, Chas. J. Moses, and Robert Wells of Fresno Co., this company taking a deed from Mr. Moses of the Strongditch and the line of canal just about completed by Wm. Arnold, for my company. Mr. Moses, as it has been seen, having previously conveyed all his interests in canals, ditches, water rights and right of way, to my company, of which facts Capt. Fairface and Mr. Rodin had personal notice. These shrewd gentlemen, as I have been reliably informed, went to San Francisco and represented that they were the owners of this property, and received a subsidy of $40,000 from the Land Co. heretofore referred to, that I had asked ten thousand acres

of land for the same purpose. As soon as the Fresno Land and Irrigation Co. got possession of this property, and everthing completed that Wm. Arnold had contracted to perform, they sent the water through the whole of the works—through natural and artificial channels, for a distance of about twenty miles, and advertised it widely through the press of the country, what a mighty feat had been accomplished. The newspapers were loud in their praises of C. J. Moses—what a great man he was; and if Fresno County only had a few more men like C. J. Moses, what wonderful things could be accomplished. Mr. Rodin seemed now to be as much infatuated with the irrigation canal business, as I had everbeen. He and a number of other San Francisco capitalists, incorporated an immense company, capital stock, I believe, ten millions of dollars, to cut canals from nearly all the rivers in the valley, and to run a main canal from the San Joaquin River and Tulare Lake, for irrigation and navigation to Antioch. Mr. Rodin had evidently gotten a "point." It seemed to me he not only iutended to appropriate my property, but my ideas also. He seemed to entirely overlook the important feature of location. He had seen, on King's River, a large stream of water run out twenty miles into a plain, for less than $2,000, and seemed to think it didn't cost anything to cut irrigation canals anyway. They went to work in one locality, and expended, *so they say*, five hundred thousand dollars, and only succeeded in getting water out forty miles; and from that day to this, its running expenses has had to be kept up by assessments. He and one of his pals are said to have spent two or three hundred thousand dollars to another locality, with the same result.

Moral. "Irrigation is a something that the American people know very little about;" but as Capt. Mace says, "they'll learn;" and it appears from the foregoing results, that it is well in appropriating the idea of another; to know the whole history of that idea before spending seven or eight hundred thousand dollars upon it. Ah! if these shrewd and wealthy capitalists had only sent an agent around on my track, first to Cache Creek, thence to Walla Walla Valley, and from thence to Umatilla, and enquired of all the denizen of those different localities, and found out that I had lost my bottom dollar at each and every throw, they might not now in their old days be wading in bankruptcy up to their eyes. "But such is life!"

But the fact of the business is, there is no subject more calculated to deceive intelligent people than this same subject of irrigation. I say this after following it up for eighteen years and gambling off every dollar I could get hold of in the pursuit of it. It is worse than three card monte to a verdant emigrant. It reminds me of an incident that

occurred about a quarter of a century ago. At that time I was engaged in the very lucrative business of driving stock from Missouri to California; and on that occasion I had sent my band of cattle and horses by land in charge of a little flaxen-haired, gray-eyed Dutchman, about nineteen years of age, by the name of Hermann, (quite a stripling to send in charge of four hundred head of cattle, forty horses and fifteen or twenty men; but this boy had half a dozen or so cardinal qualities: he was honest, intelligent, extremely thoughtful, and withal brave and audacious, so there was no uneasiness on his account; but on his way up, unfortunately, got his leg broken in crossing the Missouri river on a ferry-boat, and had to go back to St. Louis. I have never seen him since, but have thought of him a "thousand heavy times," and how I would like to have had him with me.)

I was going up the Missouri river on the steamer Timour with the outfit and about a dozen more young men to meet Hermann, who had instructions to go to old Ft. Kearny with the stock. I had'nt been on the boat long, until I noticed a couple of "Roosters" playing what is called three card monte. I called my young men together as soon as I could and pointed out these gamesters to them, and told them I did'nt want to hear of any of them loosing a cent at it, and explained to them that it was one hundred per cent. worse than stealing, and also that it would be very humiliating to me to know that I had a man along with me so verdant as to bite at any such a stale device. They all promised to do no more than look on; but one of the boys, Sandy —— thought he was a little sharper than the others, watched the game closely; finally thought he had caught a "point"—saw a spot on one of the cards I guess, and bet twenty dollars; of course the gamblers raked it in. Some of the boys came laughingly to me and told me what had happened Sandy. The next time I got within speaking distance of Mr. Sandy, I told him I was very much provoked at his conduct, and asked him why he had so disregarded my advice. He said he thought he ought to believe his own eyes before he would the word of anyone.

Now that is very much the way it is with this irrigation business. When Mr. W. S. Rodin came up to Centreville in 1871 to meet his "pardner," Mr. Moses, he saw corn and oats growing in Mr. W. C. Caldwells garden in the greatest luxuriance, caused by irrigation. He thought he had discovered a point. Now the clever gentleman that owned the aforesaid garden kept a large hotel with many borders, and was a man that would have whatever he wanted, at any price; consequently he kept as many Chinamen at work in that garden as was necessary, regardless of cost. Now if any person should have told Mr. Rodin after his look-

ing at Mr. Caldwell's garden that dry season, and seeing everything growing so luxuriously, that irrigation in the ordinary acception of the term was a failure, doubtless he would have exclaimed with my man Sandy—"will I not believe my own eyes before any man's word," and so he went forth and was slain.

After these patriots had wrested my property from me, I went to San Francisco and staid there about a year, trying to enlist capitalists in my behalf, to get my property out of their hands; but it seemed almost impossible to find a capitalist with the nerve to tackle this formidable array of capital and skill that was combined against me, and Capt. Fairface was a man of such high standing, that capitalists who knew him, insinuated, that it was very singular that he should embark in so questionable an enterprise. They all seemed to think that Messrs. Rodin & Moses were a brace of ——, but it seemed impossible to counteract the powerful influence of Capt. Fairface, and all the people from San Andreas that I interviewed in regard to him, spoke in the highest terms of him. I was nearly at my wits end to know what course to pursue.

During the whole period from the time I had lost possession of the above described property up to the last mentioned, which was about eighteen months, I had been engaged diligently studying the situation in regard to this land and water business, and where the greatest profit was to be found in it, and made up my mind that it was to be made in the scientific use of it; and the idea occurred to me, and I acted upon it immediately. To incorporate a new company, styled the Co-operative Canal and Agricultural Company, for purposes among other things of purchasing, owning, constructing and operating canals and ditches; to engage in diversified farming, buying, selling and owning live stock, etc. Turned over nearly all the property of the King's River and San Joaquin Valley Canal Company and my private property, to this new Corporation. One hundred thousand shares placed at ten dollars per share, one-half of the shares to be sold for working capital; sent about fifteen hundred shares to San Francisco for sale, to a young man of good character and address, who once worked in the hydraulic claim on John Day's River, for Texas and myself, by the name of Billy Milligan, with orders to sell at $1.25 per share. He knocked around amongst the industrial and laboring classes and commenced selling in small lots of twenty and fifty shares in a block. He had succeeded in getting up quite a little excitement. I sent him circulars and he was getting along swimmingly, but Mr. Rodin who kept himself well posted all the time in regard to my movements, and it seems to me that I had furnished him with another "point," for it was but the shortest imaginable time until he and his as-

sociates were on the market with their five hundred thousand dollar elephant to unload it in the same manner. Now I have read it or heard some one say, that to be imitated is a very high compliment, and I must confess that this company of bloated San Francisco capitalists before referred to as S——— & Co. caused me to feel quite flattered in that way several times. The names of their company corresponded nearly with mine, the termini nearly the same, objects nearly the same; and to cap the climax, when I embraced the co-operative plan, behold they were ready to follow the same plan, and best of all, was, they used some of the identical language of my circulars in theirs.

While I knew this last effort of theirs would break the market for all canal stock, I could not but feel somewhat flattered; but they showed their over anxiety to unload too plainly, and it stopped the sale of canal stock altogether. Although that company failed to unload any portion of their elephant, it was a great success in one important point to some of the principal stockholders, and that was, it "snuffed out" my little enterprise, for they well knew that all I wanted to make them take their heel off of me on King's River, was money to hire honest and able counsel, and they would have as leave seen the Devil come, as to see me in that shape. They knew in that event they would be compelled to pay for all the crimes they had committed upon me, and the way the thing was, those people had appropriated the honor of having first inaugurated irrigation in the San Joaquin Valley, and Mr. Rodin had the unparalled mendacity to allow it to emanate from him in a letter or speech, I do not recollect which, but I saw it in print. It was expressed substantiatly as follows: that if there was a man in California that had done more for irrigation than he had, he would like to see him. Now from my standpoint he and his co-conspirators in wresting my property from me, really struck down irrigation, for the very simple reason that at that time I had followed and studied irrigation for about ten years or more, and would have soon inaugurated a perfect system of irrigation, and until that is done, irrigation with the exception of one or two favored locations, is a failure; and that there was not a man in California that had done so much to impede irrigation as this same W. S. Rodin. These capitalists little knew the fear and anxiety I felt with all my former failures in making a financial success of an irrigation canal, even on King's River, the most favorable location on the continent for an enterprise of this kind. What I depended upon chiefly was to invent a plan for preparing land so as to make irrigation practicable and a success; I had followed it up long enough to know that without such invention the irrigation ditches would'nt pay expenses; and experi-

ence has taught Rodin and his friends that to their great sorrow.

Now when the water was turned through the works, settlers of a very desirable character came flocking in, and settled upon most of the government lands hitherto described, but on finding the water question sunk into fathomless depths of law, procured titles to their lands, and sold out to sheep ranchers and speculators, and left the country; and that valuable canal property has wasted itself in the barren sands of the desert, and been no profit to anyone, perhaps not more than six hundred and forty acres of land having been irrigated from it, until within the last year or so; until the very questionable use some parties have been making of it in selling twenty acre lots with water rights, to inexperienced persons, on the colony plan, calling them, with bitter irony, "homesteads with an income."

In the location of my main canal, the head of it or the point where it left the river was about a mile or so above the headgate of the Centreville and the Strong ditches, and a part of the conspiracy Wm. Arnold, in his zeal in helping the new regime, induced a lot of settlers on King's River to jump my location, so as to leave me no foundation to stand on whatever, and to inextricably complicate my affairs. These settlers not thinking their title very good, most of them sold out to parties in San Francisco, Mr. Moses assisting in changing the ownership all he could, as he thought it to his interest to get as much capital enlisted against me as he could. The parties that purchased this location of mine from what is known as the Settler's Ditch Company, owned large tracts of land out in the great plain hitherto referred to, and had formed a company for the purpose of getting water, and to get out to the plains with this water they had to run through the aforesaid low pass in the foot-hills, the land through the whole of which belonged to my company, and had been located by it for a reservoir, thus completely blocking up the pass. This corporation, through its officers, applied to me for a right of way through the pass ; I refused to let them go through on their terms, I told them that the greater portion of their canal was on my location, and that I intended to contest the right to their whole property with them, They commenced suit against the company represented by me, for a right of way through this pass, and to quiet the title to the other portions of their property.

## LAWYER SANPETE.

I had heard Mr. Sanpete of Merced, spoken highly of as a lawyer, and went to him with all my papers, told him the situation, as nearly as I could, that I had the control

of property of immense value, but that I was broke, and didn't know exactly what to do, but if I could get him to take hold of it and see it through, I would give him a large interest in the property. It took me considerable time to give him a history of the whole affair in all its bearings; he said it was one of the most outrageous conspiracies that he had ever had anything to do with. I made a bargain with him then and there, to give him a large interest in the property, which we finally settled upon should be two-fifths of the whole property belonging to the corporations represented by me, on King's River in Fresno County; he agreeing to attend to any and all lawsuits wherein the title to any of this property was brought in question, and to commence and carry through any suits to recover possession of any of the property, and I was to be the judge when such suits were necessary. He said it was a very complicated affair, and would bring up nearly all questions known to the law; that he would study the case thoroughly and go to the bottom of it. I was of the opinion, from his personal appearance, and from what I had heard of him, that he was an able lawyer; that was the only kind that would be of any use to me, as the Settler's Ditch Company had gone into the hands of many wealthy men of San Francisco, an immense amount of capital was massed against me. I felt it deeply to the very bottom of my soul that it was of more importance that I should defeat this wicked and unholy conspiracy that had been formed against me, than a thousand lives like mine were worth. It appeared to me that if these men were allowed to trample over me in this shameful manner that henceforth there would be no use for a poor man to look for anything of value, for rogues would find out and become skillful, and cultivate the arts that had been employed against me so successfully. That in the future, mendacity, audacity, treachery and low cunning would be made to triumph over skilled labor, experience and enterprise. Whenever I would allow myself to contemplate this subject in all its deformity, I was made to suffer the tortures of the damned; and as anxious as I was to demonstrate what great and inconceivable results could be obtained by the judicious use of water in agriculture, and thereby to show my friends and the country in general, some reason for the faith I had exhibited in following up water so closely. I thought it of more importance that I should come out victorious in this contest with these conspirators, albeit I should come out penniless in the end and be unable to show what I could do.

I left Mr. Sampete and felt very hopeful that now I had secured the services of a first class lawyer and given him such a large interest in the enterprise, that I thought he would do his level best, and I was confident that I was so

clearly and plainly in the right that it would be impossible for me to come out otherwise than triumphant. I went back to Centerville much elated. * * * * * * *

In due time Mr. Sanpete put in a demurrer to the complaint of "The Settlers' Company," and on the coming on of the case to be heard in the February Term, of the District Court, the demurrer was sustained; that company amended their complaint, and I believe the next term of the court the case went over for the term, as I did not arrive at the court house until a few hours after the case was called. On my arrival I was informed that the distinguished lawyer for the Settlers' Company, the Honorable Geo. Smith of Santa Clara and Mr. Sanpete, had concluded a compromise of our suit subject to my approval; and on the term being made known to me, I refused to give my consent, as I thought it an absurd arrangement; as I had affidavits from some of the original officers of the Settlers' Company, stating that they had constructed three or four hundred yards of the upper end of their canal on my location. That they had done it with notice; that I had forbidden them from working on it, and that much of the body of their canal was on my location; and it was nearly an engineering impossibility for them to get out to the plains with their water without first obtaining a right of way through the lands owned and located by company for a reservoir. And as these lands were already located for a public use, they couldn't be condemned. We had a warm discussion in the room of the Board of Supervisors, many of the county officers being in the room and were listening to the conversation; Mr. Sanpete seemed very much provoked at me because I wouldn't accept of the compromise he had arranged. But I thought the terms were too humiliating to accept; the Honorable Geo. Smith was also very much displeased with my exhibition of stubbornness, told me I didn't know enough to know when I was offered a good thing, at which I laughed heartily at him. I said to him, "let's go into court and try the case". He said, "Oh yes, you have spent two or three hundred dollars in this affair, and we have spent forty thousand; now you want to put the property up and gamble for it." I didn't pretend to deny the soft impeachment; but said to him, "in case they were not willing to compromise on reasonable terms, that it would be tried some day."

Sometime after this I met one of the members of the Board of Supervisors, who had been present and listened to the dicussion of this compromise. He asked me why I didn't have a lawyer; I told him I had, that Mr. Sanpete was my lawyer, at which he expressed astonishment; he said he thought that gentleman represented the other side.

Now although Messrs. Moses, Rodin & Co had been

chiefly instrumental in getting up this Settlers' Ditch Co. to oppose me, they began to find out that my ideas were perfectly correct, in not wanting an opposition canal to run out into the plains, and had found out that they had conjured up something that was about to return to plague the inventors. They were the instigators of all this rebellious conduct, on the part of the Settlers' Co.; without their influence, the settler never would have thought of it; and before the suit between the Settlers' Company and the Company represented by me, came on for trial again, the Fresno Land and Irrigation Co. (the Moses, Rodin Co.) commenced suit against the Settlers' Co. The company represented by me, and a large number of other defendants laying claim to nearly everything in the shape of canals, ditches and water rights on our side of King's River, including all canals, ditches aud water rights owned by my Company.

Now was when I had use for my first-class lawyer; with a lawyer answering that description, and to get two men to swear to the truth, Wm. Arnold and Robt. Wells, I knew that I had a sure thing of regaining for my Company all the ditch property on the north side of King's River of much importance.

And in regard to Wm. Arnold he turned out just as I predicted. He continued in the service of Rodin, Moses & Co. until he satisfied himself that what they had told him, in regard to what I should have said about him, was a tissue of falsehoods made of whole cloth, and very abruptly quit their service, and regretted deeply what he done, as he was perfectly aware that only through him could my enemies possibly have gotton peaceable possession of my property. And now he was more anxious than to ever reinstate me, but * * * * * * * * * Consequently I did not feel very well prepared under the then existing circumstances to risk a general engagement for so large an amount of property (estimated by some prominent men at five hundred thousand dollars), but consoled myself with the idea that there was now to be an end to this everlasting suspense and anxiety, that had been weighing so heavily upon me for three or four years, and determined to meet my fate boldly, come what may. I made a verbal arrangement with the officers of the Settlers' Co. to "coalesce," and make common cause against the Rodin, Moses & Co., and let our suit go over until he had a decision in the other case, the Settlers' Co. telling me to have any witnesses I wanted summoned, and they would furnish the funds, which they did greatly to my advantage. Mr. Chas. Howard, Mr. Sanpete's law partner, quite a young gentleman, came up and with my assitance put in the answer for my Company, and when the cause came up for trial at the February Term of the District Court for 1874,

I believe it was, it appeared that I had things pretty well arranged for getting my property back.

In this legal contest it seemed as tho' I had everything at stake, and if ever then there was a time in my life that I should exert myself, it was then. Not only my own fortune and reputation was at stake, but my friend, Billy Milligan, who had sold stock in the Co-Operative Canal Company to his friends by assuring them that he knew me to be a safe operator and an honest man. And of course his reputation was up on the issue, although he was only a clerk on Hathaway's wharf, I knew he valued his reputation as much as though he was a United States Senator. It was not probable that I could ever again meet my opponents so well prepared if I did not make the best possible showing this time. And again I was anxious to make the best showing possible on account of the moral effect it would have on my powerful ally, the Settler's Company, with whom it was necessary for me to make a favorable compromise. Many people during the long three or four years just preceeding, when I was loaded with care and anxiety in regard to the matter at issue, would intimate to me that it was ridiculous for a poor man like me to contend against such a powerful and unscrupulous ring of capitalists, and that they would worry me out of the property in the end tho' my title be ever so good. I thought, and doubtless said: "D——n these capitalists," I've got just as good a right before the law as they have. But have since had reason to change my mind somewhat in that particular.

The trial lasted four days. Judge Fielden, before whom, without a jury, we were trying the case, was in very bad health. All parties seemed to he represented by able counsel, Messrs. Sanpete & Howard, appearing for me. The Judge was anxious to dispose of the case as soon as possible, and brought us into court at 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and continued without intermission, except for our meals, until 10 or 12 o'clock at night. The first day was principally occupied by the Court in receiving the documentary evidence. Late in the evening of the first day a shrewd and intelligent friend of mine, who had been watching the proceedings, and one withal who knew more about my affairs than any man in the State, came to me and congratulated me on the fine prospects I had of getting justice at last, and complimented me highly on my good management in having everything so well provided for. I felt as tho' my friend didn't see things as I did, or he would have indulged in no such remarks. But thought I wouldn't say anything to dampen his feelings. I said, yes. I intended to have Rodin and Old Moses with a hand organ and monkey apiece in less than a year grinding out a living in San Francisco. I

was pretty certain that Mr. Sanpete had never given any study to the legal complications in my case, and without that I didn't think any lawyer could do the case justice. As to the most important question, that in regard to the ownership of the main canal from the Centerville ditch through the land purchased by the company from Mr. J. A. V——, and located by said Company for a reservoir through to Black Point, the head of Fancher Creek, which has heretofore been particularly referred to, in which Mr. Moses and myself had made a verbal contract with Mr. Arnold to do the work for $312 for the Company represented by me, and on the completion of the work both of them claimed that the work was done under a written contract with Mr. Moses, and for him individually. I did not think that Mr. Sanpete had given a thought to this complicated question, and it seemed impossible to make Mr. Howard comprehend it. As I would never have entertertained the idea for a moment of employing so young and inexperienced a lawyer to unravel and explain such a complication. Mr. Sanpete didn't seem to give himself any uneasiness about the matter, however, and appeared to think he could find out enough as he went along, providing always he might want to find out anything about it.

On the morning of the second day of the trial I saw Mr. Howard and the Hon. George Smith (of counsel for the Settler's Company), walking towards the court house, and joined them; Mr. Howard informed me that Mr. Sanpete had received a sudden call from Merced and had "left on the morning train," and would not return during the trial; at which I was distressed but happily not much disappointed. I told Mr. Howard that he ought, by all means to employ other counsel to assist him, and the Hon. Geo. Smith spoke up and said he would "stand in, " and did do yeoman service in my cause; but his hands were too full of his own case to give the attention to mine that it required. He understood a great deal about my case, had been compelled, in preparing his own, to inquire into mine; but as to the important question above referred to, I didn't think that distinguished lawyer knew anything of the complications attending it, and in the course of the trial it was developed he did not; but I had paid for a first class lawyer (afterwards did pay) of my own, and was undoubtedly entitled to his services; but he failed to connect. Early in the engagement, on the second day of the trial, the plaintiff's allegation in relation to the matter of the Strong ditch being before the court, the plaintiff trying to make it appear that Mr. Moses had been defrauded out of it, and that that innocent old gentleman had received no consideration whatever therefor, Mr. Moses being on the stand, the Hon. Geo. Smith went for him vigorously to make him acknowledge that I had given

him a bill of sale of a large number of shares of the King's River and San Joaquin Valley Canal Company therefor; Mr. Moses' memory was so much at fault he couldn't bring it to mind that I had ever given him anything, important matter that it was, but finally said that Mr. Lowe might have given him some kind of a paper, but that if he had ever given him a bill of sale of a number of "sheers" of canal stock he couldn't recollect it. When our lawyers found out that Mr. Moses couldn't be made to acknowledge the receipt of a bill of sale of the canal stock, they had Mr. J. B. Strong sworn to prove that he had seen the aforesaid bill of sale in Mr. Moses' possession. His Honor, the Judge, inquired what was expected to be proven by this witness, and on being informed, he said rather petulently that "he had heard enough about that bill of sale, and that he was satisfied from Mr. Moses' own testimony that he had received it." Now to most men this would have been a severe rebuke, but not so with "Moses my boy," all that seemed to set him back was that he could not make it stick.

The trial dragged its slow length along pretty evenly until late in the fourth day, when the plaintiff seemed to get desperate. When it put some prominent and intelligent men upon the stand, whom, from their evidence, I thought had taken a contract to win the race for it, and from having no first class lawyer there of my own, actually made no opposition to this heavy reinforcement, and at the close of the trial my demoralization was complete, I thought "hung be the heavens with black;" those rich capitalists have got rights before the law that I wouldn't have.

Finally, after some months the court rendered a decision that in regard to the matters at issue between the plaintiff and the corporation represented by myself, it could not be settled in that suit, and the plaintiff pay the costs; and that is the way the matter stands until this day. Mr. Charles Howard told me that soon after the decision would be rendered, he would come and examine the property and commence suit for possession, but though repeatedly requested by me to do so, he has not done it yet; he saying sametimes that the property was increasing in value every day.

It was my intention to have the contest between the Settler's Company and the corporation represented by me, tried as soon as possible after the aforesaid decision was rendered, and wrote to Mr. Howard several times but received no answer. The case would come up for trial in the February Term, 1875, and on the morning of the opening of the court when the case was called, the plaintiff answered "ready," but I had no lawyer to answer for

me; I spoke to a lawyer friend to have the case go over for a day or two, which he very kindly did. The plaintiff expressed a willingness to compromise, but under exisiing circumstances, of course wanted things all its own way. 1 was tired of such treatment from small lawyers, and determined to compromise on the most favorable terms the plaintiff would offer, providing Messrs. Sanpete and Howard, who were then two-fifth owners in the property, were willing. The business manager of the Settler's Company, and myself agreed upon terms to suit us, and he telegraphed to Mr. Howard to know if he would be in Merced at a certain hour; he answered, yes. He and I went to Merced, explained the terms of the compromise to Mr. Howard, and that gentleman said it was all right, and the suit between the Settler's Company and the corporation represented by me was settled.

The first person with whom I got acquainted, on my arrival in Centerville, seven years ago, was a boy about eighteen years of age, with a more than common good head on him; he kept a store, and I deposited my money with the firm, who were all good business men, would be considered so any place. During my long sojourn in that village, their office was my headquarters when in town. I was on very friendly terms with all of them, but I was, perhaps, more intimate with the first named young gentleman than with any other person in the country. He was well aware that I was displeased with the manner in which Mr. Sanpete had managed my lawsuits, and when that gentleman came out for re-election to Congress, and had given such good satisfaction, according to the local democratic papers, and taking into consideration that his competitor was so heavily handicapped with his rallroad record, I thought a wooden man could beat him; but somehow or other I didn't want this friend of mine to vote for Mr. Sanpete; not with the intention of beating him however, for I thought he would beat his competitor by thousands; I had not asked him how he was going to vote, but he seemed to understand intuitively that I didn't expect him to vote for Mr. Sanpete, and on the morning of the election he came to me abrnptly and showed me the ticket he intended to vote, straight democratic with Mr. Sanpete's name scratched. We both voted the same ticket, and had much hilarity over the result, as it is well known that the news came in for many days that Mr. Sanpete had lost the race by one vote. Had we voted for him he could have been a Congressman, and enjoyed "without a co-rival all his dignity."

Since coming to San Francisco and explaining the situation of my case to some lawyer friends, they tell me that I have forfeited my right to that property through the statute

of limitation. But I met Lawyer Sanpete on the streets and he condescended to assure me that they were mistaken. At any rate, I did all I could to induce Mr. Chas. Howard to file a complaint long ago, when there could be no probability of losing the property on that grounds, the only proper grounds for losing it. And it appears to me that it wouldn't look well to give another lawyer two-fifths more, as then I would only have one-fifth left. Should I lose this property in this shameful manner, I would say, was ever so promising an enterprise squandered so ignominiously?

Now to cover up all these ignominious and shameful failures during these "twenty years of memory back" I will have to do something extraordinary. But if I can show that I can do for Agriculture what the "Idol of the World did for the Drama," it will not only cover up all these sad disasters, but will make them seem glorious. That's just what I propose now to do. I am confident I know how to do it as well as I know the alphabet. Our gentle mother Nature apparently seeing the deep ditch I was to fall into at the end of my long and persistent struggle, and by way of compensation for my devotion, literally drilled this important secret into me as I was passing along to where "Destruction would sicken."

# THE COMMON SENSE SOLUTION

OF THE

# GREAT LABOR PROBLEM.

It was the unalterable conviction formed from my former experience and from points I had learned in listening reverently to the voice of nature, and from what little philosophy there was in me, that there were unconceivable great results to be obtained in the domain of agriculture by bringing land and water together just right; that furnished the motive power that drove me along when cutting the ditch at Walla Walla. It was the same conviction intensified that impelled me to face and cut through the gravel bar on the Umatilla. It was the hope to make money enough to finish these canals and thereby put myself in a position to prove what could be done with these materials, that caused me to work like a beaver in the mines on John Day River for more than two years.

And on coming to King's River and tackling that enterprise the desire to satisfy my curiosity in that particular was unabated. And to gratify that desire to the utmost I was firmly resolved that no pains or expense should be spared just as soon as I would make my first important success, and thought I could afford to. But my experience in the northern country had learned me a terrible lesson in regard to the important figure that the simple item of "money" cut in all enterprises, great and small. And on seeing the situation on King's River I knew if I could succeed in outgeneraling land-grabberdom, I would have a second Aladdin lamp to back me.

I have heretofore recited carefully how I came to King's River before any one else thought of such a thing; found out the situation and went to work with the utmost diligence and patience, and by judiciously investing about four thousand dollars, the most of it, however, in lands that I was compelled to purchase in order to obtain a right of way, etc., how I had all the engineering and work done necessary to send the water out about twenty miles into this great plain; had applied for a large subsidy, which was nothing but my just due; how other parties circum-

vented me by getting possession of my property, in, I think, a questionable manner ; how these wealthy capitalists received $40,000 of a subsidy that I was by all laws, human and divine, justly entitled to. Now, then, there was no unsurmountable obstruction in the way of that canal being made to pay four or five hundred dollars a day on an average ever since. The only obstruction was that the American people knew absolutely nothing about irrigation. The land-owners who paid the large subsidy supposed, as I did at Cache Creek, that as soon as the canal was completed that I would enhance the price of their land from one dollar to about thirty dollars per acre, and very freely put up the money. Now, if these wealthy land-holders (Rodin & Co.) had not run squarely contrary to God's law, wherein it says: "Not to muzzle the horse that plows the corn," wouldn't I have had a magnificent chance to show what could be done by bringing land and water together just right?

During my seven years sojourn in the northern country I couldn't imagine for the life of me, why there was such an irresistable attraction about working with water for me, and would ask myself, and others would repeatedly ask me, "why I would persist in wasting my time and spending every cent I could get hold of in the pursuit of something that invariably brought me into poverty, rags and contempt?" I often thought seriously that that mania must be a judgment sent upon me for having wholly prostituted my early manhood to mammon worship. I took particular notice of every stream I passed in that country, and whether it was susceptible of being turned out on the parched plains. Would notice particularly the fertile spots, and what effect water had on plants under different circumstances. Employed nearly all my leisure time in closely observing and studying the nature of such things. And on coming to King's River and seeing that irrigation, as it was then practiced, was a hopeless failure without there was something done to render it practical, and as a natural consequence, my favorite occupation of cutting canals would be gone, and began to give my studies a practical shape. And on the termination of the four days law-suit, heretofore referred to, before leaving the court-house I made up my mind that managing law-suits was not my forte, and that I would go to work and draw up a system of irrigation that no man could ever improve upon. I felt that I was deeply disgraced in having come down to the valley in 1870, with five thousand dollars to capture the country and let two such looking men as Rodin and old Moses "get away with me;" and from my repeated failures I knew my reputation as a business man was utterly ruined, and foreseeing as clearly as if written in a book that the then immense desert,

yclept the great San Joaquin Valley could be converted into a splendid little empire, capable of sustaining sumptuously five millions of people, and at some period in the future there would be cities built within its territory vying in splendor with great Babylon in its palmiest days. I intended this system, after it was perfected, should be a master-piece of art compiled from nature, and so extremely simple, practical and efficient, that it would be impossible ever afterward to shake it off.

But it was not until sometime after completing this task, and I was engaged in drawing up a system of agriculture to correspond with it and began to figure up and speculate, and clearly ascertained the tremendous results that were to be obtained through them, that I discovered that I had been working at the "one thing needful," and that all this time I had been educating myself for this mighty work out of the Book of Nature. The supreme question of the hour, and the one that the wisest and best men of the age are racking their brains to solve is: "What is to be done with the three or four million of able-bodied unemployed and destitute laboring men in the Republic?

To govern this starving mob the papers say that Jay Gould wants a king, and General Sherman a large standing army. I think the papers must be romancing. It is unreasonable to suppose that two men of the renown of the aforesaid should deliver themselves of such absurd sentiments as are here attributed to them.

For temporary relief for these distressed people, some milder mannered men are advocating an extensive system of internal improvements to be aided financially by the Government. I think the country has had quite enough of the internal improvement subsidy dodge. A system that has contributed as much as any thing to the present embarrassing situation. The giving away under that pretense within the last fifteen years of two hundred and twenty millions of acres of the public domain to rascally corporations and other land-grabbing schemes is the crying sins of the nineteenth century, and for which these poor people are now suffering.

Some harmless and well-meaning people recommend that libraries should be established by way of elevating these unfortunate people. That remedy is entirely too thin for destitute working men. Now no more certain am I that the sun is shining on yonder hill top, than I am that there is a natural, peaceful, permanent and most happy solution of this all important problem. That to solve which so clear-headed a patriot as Jay Gould is said to have wished for the desperate remedy of a king. Had it not have been for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" showered upon me through that ill-advised

institution—land monopoly—since 1870 in Fresno county, the question that now overshadows all others would not be before the country. Had I have been allowed to, I would have shown that one more count in Shipton's prophecy had come true, that "water it would wonders do." And although "there be great men and men of renown that a mystery had been revealed to the Lowe-ly," I think it an insult to the wisdom of the Creation to imagine that there is no natural and peaceful remedy for the present state of affairs. To think that the Government of the United States, an institution gotten up more nearly in conformity with God's laws than any other designed by man, should be cut down through the scoundrelism of a few thousand bloated corporations and the rowdyism of three or four milliions of rebellious tramps.

Although scoundrelism has done its level best to contribute to the present state of affairs, there is a natural cause that has arisen thro' honest ignoronce that contribute more to the discomfort than all other causes combined, and in correcting that it will have the effect of correcting most of the evils extant.

It is the barbarous, or as I might say, the entire absence of system of agriculture, practiced by the American people, that is clogging the wheels of progress. Not that the implements for cultivating and harvesting crops are faulty or behind the times by any means, but there is something of more importance than planting and harvesting crops in the most approved style. The most important items are how to raise the largest possible crop, with the greatest certainty, and with the least possible expense. If there had been a tithe of the capital, skill and genius employed in the last half century in perfecting the science upon which depends the production of the raw material, out of which food and raiment for the people could be manufactured, that there has been in perfecting the science of destroying them, the question that now overshadows all others, would have been settled long ago. During the last half a century, there has been gigantic strides in the improvement of the manufacture of nearly all useful articles. For instance, in the manufacture of shoes and boots, doors and windows, and all such articles, one man's work with the present appliances, is made to produce what the labor of five men would do with the appliances of a half centuary ago. But in the production of the raw material out of which food and raiment for the people can be manufactured, there has been no corresponding improvement. For instance, in the production of the very necessary article of wool, as practiced by the average California flock master, there is no perceptible improvement over flock masters in the days of the patriarch Abraham. And in almost all agricultural products, the situation is but lit-

tle better. Through the inordinate desire for wealth and shoddyism, the American people have overlooked the most important thing in life, viz: how to make and enjoy a comfortable living. I would say to Los Americanos, "Let us leave this keen encounter of our wits, and fall somewhat into a slower method." Now, as agriculture is the oldest and simplest occupation of mankind, of course no one ever imagined there could be a bonanza found in that occupation. But there is the biggest one any where to be found. Since I have been prospecting for this bonanza, I have been one of the most lonesome of mortals. Whilst I knew I was searching out the most important matter in nature, I was unable to attract or get up any interest in it. I was running counter to the opinions of all mankind. I thought they were the most contrary lot of people I ever saw. I must confess that I feel as though I have exhibited a most "powerful weakness" in not having yet made a practical demonstration of my theory, and thereby averted the present calamity, which I understood so well how to do. All the excuse I have to offer for such disgraceful weakness, is that the devil was allowed to come against me in Fresno County since 1870. Although Mother Earth has hitherto been treated with the utmost contempt and cruelty, it is a notorious fact, that it is to her we are to look for all the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life. She is almost invariably approached in a spirit of ungrateful vandalism, as who should say, she owes us a living, and is entitled to nothing in return Now, for this monstrous evil, is the country now suffering, more than from all others, notwithstanding it has been committed more from want of thought, than want of heart.

Knowing as well as I did how to make a practical demonstration, and show the world how to remedy the giant evils abroad in the land, it is with mingled shame and sorrow, that I come in at this late hour, when free institutions are actually menaced for want of it, with a written plan for people to work out their salvation by. But I think I have shown my faith by my work. I have used my utmost ability to make a practical demonstration, but through circumstances that I was unable to coutrol, I have been thwarted in all my designs. But you see, in my previous attempts, I have been actuated by self interest entirely, and was anxious in demonstrating my theory, to have it bring me in a fortune at the same time. Now, under the pressing necessities of the day, I am anxious to have it demonstrated and made known at all hazards; and if people will but listen to reason, there will be no trouble in doing it. And let it once become known what can be done with forty acres of land in the New Agriculture, it will force its own way easily wherever there is any attempt at civilization.

I don't know whether those gentlemen who invented the Colt's revolver, the Gatbing, the Armstrong, or the Krupp gun, or the iron-clad gunboat and the Henry-Martini rifle, which those unconceivably brave men, the Russian and Ottoman soldiers are using with such murderous effect, have wrought up the science of destroying people to perfection or not; but I think I can say without fear of contradiction that I have drawn up an original, simple, plain, practical plan of agriculture that cannot be improved upon. A system to correspond exactly in its workings with the form of goverment drawn up one hundred years ago by the illustrious founders of the Republic.

I was at a political meeting just before the September election, and heard a talented young gentleman descanting upon the abuses of the times. He cited the deplorable condition of the laboring classes. He said starvation was staring them in the face ; that gaunt want was sitting at the hearthstone of the laborer; that the Democratic and Republican parties had sold out the interests of the laboring classes to monopolists, and that we all had a right to look to Mother Earth for the means of a livelihood. But as Lux & Miller owned one million acres of the best land in the country, and that there were thousands of men in the State that owned from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand acres of land, and that land grabbers had succeeded in gobbling up nearly all the land fit for cultivation in the State. That the old Declaration of Independence did not meet the present emergency, and that we would have a new one which would set forth not only that we were entitled to the privilege of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but we would also be entitled to the means af sustaining that life. So far as the abuses set forth by the speaker were concerned, I could see nothing to controvert. But I do not relish the idea of mutilating, in the slightest degree, the grand old document referred to, which was drawn up and signed by the wisest and bravest set of men in any age, and to sustain which, they poured out their blood like water, and their scanty treasures like sand. More especially, as there is a natural and sovereign remedy for the abuses above-mentioned.

The plan of agriculture I have drawn up, will, when put into operation, serve as a substantial "enabling Act" for that portion of the Declaration of Independence wherein it was considered wanting by the speaker. It has taken the land monopolists about twenty-eight years to gobble up nearly all the arable land inthe country. Put the plan of agriculture I have drawn up, in force, and in less than half that time, they will consider themselves the most forlorn and dejected class of individuals in the State of California; and before another twenty-eight years rolls

round, one-half the lands they now hold, will have reverted back to the State for taxes. Now the plan of agriculture introduced into this continent by the Pilgrim Fathers, was calculated to sustain a much denser population than that of the aborigines they supplanted. Now this new agriculture is quite as great an improvement on the present, as was that of the Pilgrim Fathers over that of the aborigines. There are few evils extant at the present day, that are not directly the result of natural causes, and are susceptible of a natural remedy. The two dominant causes of evil in this republic, are mal-legislation and barbarous agriculture. The illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence, in view of the sacrifice they made to sustain that document, doubtless never contemplated that the time would ever come, when a person bearing the proud distinction of an American citizen, would be influenced in the important matter of casting his vote, by a few drinks of whiskey, the paltry sum of $3, or chance to earn $4 a day in a Navy yard. Or that any man would ever be so ignoble as to give seventy or any number of thousands of dollars for a seat in the U. S. Senate. I hope there is no foundation, in fact, for any such rumors, and may we have no cause for them in the future. I repeat that had it not been for land monopoly in Fresno Co., and its attendant evils, I would have demonstrated long ago, that there was a new industry to be inaugurated throughout civilization; the most profitable industry that mankind ever engaged in. Now there is any amount of money in saving's banks throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, seeking employment at an unprecedented low rate of interest; and a corresponding number of able-bodied, unemployed and destitute men, that would gladly welcome the day when they could go to work and earn an honest living.

Now it is within my certain knowledge that there is an abundance of profitable employment in the domain of agriculture for all this labor and capital, and the most remunerative employment to be found in any legitimate occupation.

I will try to illustrate by comparison, my ideas of the vastness of the field that is open to the laboring classes in the domain of agriculture, according to the new regime which, at present, unfortunately, but exists on paper.

Let us suppose for a moment that in that portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains that lay alongside of the great Valley of California, the space now occupied by granite bed-rock were turned into iron, and that portion now occupied by slate rock were converted into veins of steel. And again let us imagine that in the Coast Range of Mountains that lay along the opposite side of the valley the space in those mountains occupied by the different

stratas of rock were filled with the best kind of coal for manufacturing purposes, and supposing that each of the States of the Union were equally well supplied with these raw materials.

Now if such were the situation and there was great profit to be made in converting these abundant raw materials into useful articles of manufacture, does it not appear that without an immense amount of hostile legislation, especially in a free country like this, that the skilled laborers of the country would come in for the lion's share of the profits.

Now, one of the most important discoveries I have made whilst experimenting with land and water is, that throughout the world the raw material (Land and Water) out of which fertile and productive farms can be manufactured, are relatively just as abundant in fact as the raw material in the aforesaid imaginary situation is in fancy.

I reason thus: In cultivating the raw land as now practiced, a very small percentage of the land in the country is utilized. For instance, in the State of California it is estimated that not more than five per cent. of the land is cultivated. Now, when the manufactured farm comes in fashion it will only require one-tenth of this five per cent. now being used to raise the same amount of produce. In the Agriculture of the near future the practice of herding stock on the plains will be considered a relic of barbarism, as it will be seen that their presence on the farm will be an imperative necessity.

The new agriculture when it comes into general use, will have the same effect on the price of land that watering the stock of a mining company to the tune of ten shares for one would have on the price of that stock. I think increasing the productive capacity of land ten-fold throughout the world will have the same effect on the price of land as the increasing the area of the land of the world ten-fold would have. It is only the average land of the world, however, that the new agriculturists claim that they can increase the capacity ten-fold. Now for instance, such land as that in the Mussell Slough country, in Tulare County, California, when there is water brought upon it there is nearly a natural farm and reclaimed tule lands are wonderfully productive, and some of Billy Carr's deserts in Kern County, if reports are true, would be hard to "get away with."

I don't think the plan I have drawn up will ever be excelled, although it is but the result of common sense, close observation and intense application. It is the plan that any person of intelligence, having the same facilties for collecting information that I had and used equal diligence would have been compelled to adopt. Because, why, it is the "natural plan."

Now, my ideas in this whole business came to me in the most natural manner imaginable. For instance, I went to Cache Creek, in Yolo County, and lost my pile on account of drought, and then began to cast about me for natural causes. I find the most beautiful natural channels running out for miles on both sides of the creek on the highest ground, occupying the very site that irrigation canals ought to occupy. Now supposing the fact was established that irrigation was necessary, and it was proposed to cut a canal for irrigation, and the subject of proper location of the canal were under discussion, what does the voice of Nature say in regard to this: I think she gives forth no uncertain sound whatever, but plainly says, "occupy the canals I have made for you." Now, in this extremely simple and original plan of agriculture I have drawn up I have been directed just as unmistakably by the same high authority in every particular. But to look back at what has transpired since the 20th of May, 1870, almost upsets my previously conceived ideas in regard to the doctrine of the "Eternal fitness of things." There is nothing more clear to my mind than that our country is suffering more at this time from the effects of our faulty system (or rather entire absence of system) of agriculture than from all other causes combined. And from nature, education and desire it seems of all men I was the person to reform it. At that time, under the circumstances, I was possessed of ample means to perform the task. The location selected shows for itself, and will for all time, that a better field for such an exploit could not have been chosen on the planet. The law for canals and ditches passed the previous winter gave me all the authority I wanted. I thought it a precious document. I knew of hundreds of miles of natural channels in the great valley of California, which I considered worth as much to me as so many miles of well equipped railroad, and thought I was the only man on the continent in possession of the great secret, "that the waters of the rivers taken in connection with these natural channels were worth as much as the lands through which they run." I looked upon them all as my individual property, from the fact that nearly everybody looked upon irrigation as a absurd humbug. I thought I would let Governor Stanford, Charley Crocker, and others build all the railroads they wanted to at $25,000 a mile, but for my part I would take the natural canal in mine. I had often read "that knowledge was power," and was confident that I had more knowledge of the business I was engaged in than all the balance of the American people, put them all in one corral. Why? Because I was a "natural water grabber" and knew I had studied it more than all the balance of them, and intended to use my advantage to the utmost of my ability. I intended

to put myself in condition that I could say to the people of the great valley, in regard to the water business, what Napoleon III said to the French people, viz: "You attend to such matters as trade, commerce, etc., and I will attend to the government affairs." I thought of those two or three miners that located the water-right in Boise basin heretofore referred to, and was certain I had a much better enterprise to back me than they had. I had a most powerful incentive to action. Here were all these hundreds of miles of natural canals laying loose around the country but I had very little fear of any one appropriating them, but I knew so soon as I demonstrated their immense value that they would soon be appropriated.

But supposing that some man in the year 1877 had invented the most perfect locomotive that has been in use since that period, and written a pamphlet describing it particularly, at the same time claiming that it would work wonders, and that on some future occasion it would haul a train of passenger cars across the widest part of the American Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 80 hours, he would have been proclaimed a madman. And when I claim that the discovery that I have made will do more to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the laboring classes than all the discoveries of the Nineteenth century, stack them all up together. That it will incsease the productive capacity of the earth ten-fold with one-fifth the labor hitherto required. That it will strike a death blow to land monopoly. That through its agency "The Desert Land Bill" will be converted into a scheme to plague its inventors. That through it the Commonwealth of England with its thirty-one million acres and twenty-four millions of people can be made nearly, if not quite, self-sustaining, and that through it the great American and African deserts, and the Steppes of Asia can be made as fertile and productive as the Polders of Holland, and that it will come to pass after it becomes as well understood as the railroad now is, that such people as those hard pressed miners in the Pennsylvania coal mines can, by working eight hours a day, six days in the week, earn money enough to supply their families with the very best of substantial food and raiment, and give them all the meat they can eat, three times a day if they want it, and lay by one-third of his earnings for a rainy day at that. And last, but not least, it will abate the intolerable tramp nuisance.

Who is going to believe all this: Echo answers, Nobody. But I am confident the items above enumerated will be but a modicum of the wonderful results to be obtained, simply by bringing the science of agriculture to perfection according to the plan I have drawn up.

Not long since I wrote a pamphlet covering the whole ground, showing amongst other things, that irrigation in the great valley of California, as a general thing, under the present light, al hough it might do well euough as a dernier resort in a dry season like the present, but that with the exception of a few favored localities, was but a delusion, a snare, and a labor without profit, showed why it was a failure, and before leaving the subject showed how to make it the very personification of success. Showed how to take a given quantity of virgin land, with the necessary quantity of water, and manufacture a paying farm; did it with great care, directing how to proceed; from the turning of the first sod of dirt until the farm was complete in all its appointments, and then described particularly, how to bring it by easy stages to the highest possible state of fertility. Also, how to operate it to the best advantage, showing how to adroitly bring the mechanical forces of Nature into play to the utmost, and in the simplest possible manner, both in manufacturing the farm and the subsequent operating of it.

I presented one of these pamphlets to a gentleman who, I believe, is recognized by common consent to be the ablest journalist on the Pacific Coast; a man at any rate of a robust mind and body, and withal takes great interest in matters agricultural. I thought if any man on the Coast could form a correct estimate of my theory, certainly this gentleman could; and on my calling upon him a few weeks later, he said: "Lowe, don't you know since reading your pamphlet (The New Agriculture) that I have thought one hundred times that if you would go out to some place in the plains of California and prepare a farm of orty acres of land just as you have drawn up the plan, not omitting a single item, and show what can be done at this kind of farming, that it would be worth miliions of dollars to the State of California."

Now between this intelligent gentleman's conception of it and what I claim for it, there is a world-wide difference; but it would be, perhaps, unreasonable to look for a more comprehensive opinion from any man, without his first having studied the subject in all its bearings and ramifications. I was reading, a short time ago, where some industrious statistician had been figuring up the national, state, county, municipal and railroad indebtedness of the United States, which amounted to seven billions and three hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars. Now according to my estimate, if this style of farming were as well understood as the railroad is, the aforesaid sum would not begin to represent the value of it to this nation. Time will demonstrate that it will be an absolute necessity, an indispensable auxiliary to the great republic; as well start out the finest army the world ever saw, with a wholly inadequate

commissary department, why, I will be worth more than a a king and a large standing army to boot. Extensive manufacturing is as sure to follow this system of agriculture as the night follows the day.

Had it not been for land monopoly, or had I not struck the most extraordinary set of land monopolists in the world, in the year 1870, there is nothing more clear to my mind than the taxable property of the great State of California would be quadruple what it now is. When I followed the business of driving stock across the plains, a business in which I was eminently successful; I made it a rule to let my stock feed of a morning until they were perfectly satisfied, and would commence lying down, we would then drive them to water, and then "hitch up" and start for the next camp; we would let the stock take their own gait without urging. All the young men that drove loose stock would be well mounted; all they had to do was to ride alongside of the drove and see that the stock kept the road. I would generally have a couple of the smallest boys in the crowd take charge of a band of fifteen or twenty loose horses and mules, they would naturally travel much faster than the train would; these youngsters would travel ahead of the train, and use their own discretion, and whenever they came to a nice place where there was good feed and the train two or three miles behind, they would stop and let their animals feed until the train would pass them and perhaps get two or three miles ahead of them, and then they would mount and come gaily along up with their stock. Now managing horses in this manner is a most delightful occupation for a couple of ten or twelve year old boys, but nevertheless quite as useful. I was always very fond of walking and would generally take it afoot and stay at the hindmost part of the train and assist in driving the loose cattle along until lunch time. In that business, my greatest care and anxiety was directed to the cattle that were always to be found in the hindmost part of the drove: and in gauging my drivers, I would consider, not what he big, fat young cattle that were always to be found marching up near the front, could stand, but it was what these hindmost cattle could endure. (Now I always thought that it was very plain that the duty of the legislators of the country was to devote the most of their care and anxiety to those people, who are always from some reason or other, found hindmost in the race of life, I always notice that "statesmen" do.) At noon-time we would stop just long enough for the men to eat their lunch, the boys who had charge of the horses, would of course be "always around at lunch time." I would then saddle up one of the best horses or mules, and mount him with spurs, and sail out literally on the wings of the wind, for the best camping ground to be found anywhere

within the next ten or fifteen miles, but if I found a good camp within two or three miles I would stop, but if not, I was bound to go until I could find one, if it was fifteen miles. Now the business I was then following was both remunerative and attractive to me, and the young men I had with me, seeing me work so hard and saying so little authoritatively to them, and withal managing everything so skillfully, that each and every one of them seemed to be inspired with the idea, that on his individual exertions alone, depended the safe conduct of everything; and I often thought, from the energy and care displayed, that they would be compelled to stop and study for a moment to know that the train didn't belong to them. Perhaps I was lucky in getting such a fine lot of young men, but I think it is simply the nature of nine-tenths of young humanity, and would develop itself under similar circumstances in all cases. Now as the business I was then following was very attractive to me, the business I started into on King's River was perfectly enrapturing to me; "daytime and night-time I was thinking about it," and but for the institution of land monopoly, what a splendid field was there. Although I had to run through an almost irreclaimable desert for fifty miles before I could strike irrigable land, and would have been compelled to stop and solve the problem of how to prepare land for irrigation before I could get through it, I have no idea that I would have lost much time through that, as I came there pretty well prepared to grapple with that difficulty, as that was and had been my favorite study for a long time. That was my pastime; my main idea would have been to solve that problem and then overrun the whole country with it as fast as possible. To have covered the land with fatness from Upper King's River, in Fresno County, to Antioch, in Contra Costa County, a distance of two hundred miles, in the shortest time imaginable. I am confident that with the terrible earnestness, energy and skill that I took to that enterprise, that I would have inspired every man, woman and child over eight years of age, that I would have succeeded in planting there, with the idea that much depended on there individual efforts to carry out the grand idea, and but look back and contemplate what a splendid lot of people have come over on the cars to look for homes since that period—the flower of American people —most of them finding the land held by speculators at high prices, returned to the East in disgust. Why, it is formidable to think of; if it hadn't been for landgrabberdom, every one of those good people I would have gotten hold of, I would not only have made them stay, but made them send for all of their relations, and would undoubtedly have made it my business to get hold of them; it would have been quite as easy a task for me to have extended my

canals along down through the "west side" country to Antioch, as it was for those two or three miners in Boise Basin, hitherto described, to extend their mining ditches through the mining lands hitherto referred to, and the result would have been that in the year A. D. 1877, instead of the meagre exports to European markets, the amount of exports would actually have been without a limit, and the fact would have been demonstrated that it would have taken a much drier season than this, to effect in the slightest degree, the amount of produce raised.

At this writing, September, 1877, the great San Joaquin valley is prostrate from the effects of the drought; bankruptcy, ruin and desolation are reigning supreme; many families have not even the actual necessaries of life, and at the same time with resources capable of sustaining five millions of people this season, providing they were utilized. Had these resources been availed of, there is no natural cause why this should not have been a first class crop year. Now the good people of California have but to thank the institution their legislators have taken so much pains to foster for this state of affairs, and that institution of course is land monopoly. Now you see your well regulated landgrabber glories in the peaceable immigrant or inexperienced Californian that is verdant enough to go down there and pay fifty dollars an acre for land, not actually worth one dollar; but let an enterprising man go there with a few thousand dollars, and withal considerable originality, and undertake to set up for a great man on his own account, and divide up the country with them. They have no use for such men; the fifty dollars per acre is all they want.

## THE GREAT SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

As it was the birth-place of the new agriculture, so is it to be the cradle. Why? For the best of reasons—it is an absolute necessity. Let us examine the situation in that valley for a moment.

The situation there is a subject of much diversity of opinion. Many intelligent gentlemen who have lived there since the first settlement, and in the good old days when the cattle kings ruled, deplore the no fence law, and say that it has been the ruin of the country, and that prosperity will not return until that law is repealed, and the country remanded back to its former occupants. They say that twenty dollar pieces were as plentiful then as four bit pieces are now. They point out that those who attempted to farm without water, made a signal failure; that they

not only bankrupted themselves, but have crippled the merchants; and that irrigation, with the exception of two or three favored localities, is a hopeless failure, only kept alive at an enormous expense; that a few colony sharps may sell twenty acre lots, really worth one dollar an acre, for fifty dollars per acre, to deluded new comers. Many intelligent gentlemen of my acquaintance, whose opinions, in ordinary affairs, I would value highly, who have visited that valley and traveled all through it, do not hesitate to tell me that the people now settled on the ordinary plain land (which kind of land embraces nine-tenths of the area of the valley), will efther emigrate or starve. That all the country is fit for is to rear mustang horses and wild cattle in; and that a quarter of a century hence, will find less population there by one-half than there is to-day.

I respectfully beg leave to differ widely with the aforesaid gentlemen. My opinion of the situation in regard to that valley, is the same that I have expressed; I know not how often, to my amiable young friend, Sigismund Frankenau (who, in company with his brother, Max, kept a large store at Centreville, during much of the time I lived there, and were as kind as brothers to me), that that country was either good for a high state of cultivation, based upon the judicious use of water, or good for nothing. That nature had furnished the raw materials (land and water), out of which the most fertile and productive farms under the sun, could be manufactured in the utmost profusion; but that the first thing a farmer had to do, was to manufacture his farm, and that it was madness and folly for a farmer to take one hundred, or any other number of acres of land, either with or without water in its natural state, and attempt to farm with any degree of success, without that process. Now the region of country that I made the attempt to run water onto in 1870, and the plain upon which Centreville is situated on the eastern edge of, and the particular tract referred to in speaking to young Frankenan, is rather below the average of the land of the valley.

It is as uninviting and irreclaimable a looking desert waste as there is in creation, being, in its natural state, utterly incapable of profitable irrigation. I was peculiarly situated there. I knew I was the rightful owner of the grand canal that conveyed water out into the center of the great plain, near where Fresno station now is, and confidently expected to come into possession of it, sooner or later, and knew there was no legitimate use I could put it to to pay expenses, providing I had the possession turned over to me peaceably. (I don't look upon using it, enforcing large subsidies out of people, quite the regular thing.) For who would buy my water at any price, if they could not make it profitable. It is the unanimous voice

of the farmers in that neighborhood, that it will never pay to raise small grain through irrigation. I knew if that were the case, that my " occupation would be gone," and I would have to bid farewell to all my grand canals. " That made ambition virtue." And it would have done too much violence to my nature, had I have come into possession of it, to have run it in this colony business, wherein I would have had to depend for my profits, by deluding needle women that burn the midnight oil for their hard earnings, and schoolmarms who earn their money equally hard, together with inexperienced immigrants, and simple minded bootblacks and hotel waiters. I think such people should be considered by all well regulated speculators, as " non-combatants." Therefore, the solution of the problem of how to prepare land for scientific irrigation, was an absolute necessity for me. To the question, " what is this ordinary plain land of the San Joaquin Valley really worth ?" I would say that this land is really worth a settlers taking of it up and improving, and no more; and that the water is just worth the cost of appropriating, and no more. Anyone who has to pay any more than that, just contributes so much as his proportion for payment for mal-legislation. For the reason that California has one hundred million acres of land, thirty-five millions of this is susceptible of being manufactured into as fertile farms as the sun shines on; and with the present sparse population, there are not farm laborers (outside of the Chinese) to cultivate more than one million acres, according to the new agriculture, the only system that can be made profitable.

As aforesaid, when the new agriculture comes into use, grazing stock on the plains will be a thing of the past, as they will more than pay their cost of keeping on the farm by increasing its productive capacity.

Then millions of acres hitherto considered worth $2 50 per acre for sheep grazing will be idle, and no value for that purpose. Now when the new agriculturists get hold and utilize one million acres of this thirty-five million, the remainder will be surplus until an increase of population, and perhaps a decade will have elapsed before another million acres would be required. Now just so soon as the situation is understood perfectly, land monopoly will fall deader than Julius Cæser. Now there is just as much of a surplus of water as there is of land, and the reason I took so much care in describing how I could shut out opposition in the early part of this writing was for the purpose of showing up water monopoly in all its deformity, with the sincere hope that it would be abolished.

Whether I ever succeed in getting possession of my grand canal in Fresno County or not, for the good of the country I hope the legislature will pass a law allowing dis-

tricts to condemn all canals, ditches and water rights. With water, air, and sunlight declared and made common to all and not subject to monopoly, and people go to scientific farming. The only kind of farming that the great San Joaquin Valley will admit of, then may we look for unexampled prosperity, not only in California, but throughout the world.

Now, when the American people see that the manufactured farms are quite as much of an improvement on the old plan of farming as the splendid sulky plow now in use on this coast is superior to the forked stick used by the ancient Egyptians for a plow, and that their manufacture is so simple and within the reach of all, will they not strain every nerve to avail themselves of their great advantages. "I should say so." Had I only have been lucky enough to have started into the business six or seven years ago, there would now be employment at home for every idle laborer in the United States, for be it known that these farms are quite as much of a necessity for New York, Pennsylvania or Missouri, as they are for the great San Joaquin Valley. Now, under this system of farming, the Island of New Foundland, which is now on account of its rigorous climate, almost uninhabitable, could be converted into a splendid wheat growing country, but it is an impenetrable mystery to me, with my peculiar belief in certain doctrines; why I, having such a gorgeous opportunity in 1870 to give reasons for the faith that was in me, and so good a chance to make known the one thing that of all else at this time is most needed should have been "cut down." The right time was chosen, the right place selected, the right man was there fully equipped for this good work, but "The Devil came also." But to these good people in the great San Joaquin Valley who are now destitute of the actual necesaries of life, to these thousands of destitute men and women in San Francisco, many of whom in their struggle against starvation, hunt over manure piles for garbage cast out of restaurants and market places, and to the millions of unemployed and destitute laborers in these United States at whose hearthstones gaunt want sits as a constant guest, rendering life intolerable to them, for whose misfortunes I could, and would, had certain people acted nobly brought forth a soverign and permanent relief. I can say with Macbeth :

> "Thou can'st not say I did it,
> Never shake thy gory locks at me."

But it may seem somewhat anomalous when I say that legitimate agriculture is the most profitable occupation in California or elsewhere. That supposing that stock and farm produce of all kinds at the average price obtained within the last seven years can be produced, through the new

agriculture at of a profit of six per cent. per month net for all the money invested in it, and in the same breath say that average lands in the great San Joaqnin Valley are not worth a cent more in reality than the cost of locating and improving them, and that the water is not worth any more than the actual cost of appropriation. I reason from the natural law of supply and demand, and when we are known to have thirty-five millions of acres of cultivable land, and a population so sparse that we cannot possibly cultivate more than one million of acres in a manner to reap the greatest profit, and that two in the most simple and common sense manner. Now, with this great preponderance of the supply to the meagre demand, how in the name of all that is reasonable, can land be really worth any more than I have said. Admitting that at present nine-tenths of the best land of the country is in the hands of speculators, and that we are all, as we should be, sticklers for law and order, we believe that the "soul of liberty is the love of law." But when people who wish to embark in legitimate agriculture get hold of the small quantity actually necessary, then will life become a burden to all land grabbers. For I know by experience that to be "land poor" is the most abject poverty. Therefore I would say to all people after having spent all my earnings for twenty-eight years on this coast, and twenty years experimenting with land and water, that while I am certain that legitimate agriculture is the most profitable business there is offered at the present time to embark in, not to buy an acre of land more than they have actual use for. For when this new agriculture, this absolute necessity of the age, becomes fully understood and appreciated throughout the whole length and breadth of the land under the most favorable conditions for increase of population imaginable, it will take at least eleven centuries for these land-grabbers to get their "second wind." But I sincerely hope and trust that the American people will steadfastly oppose to the bitter end any aopropriation of air, sunlight or water by monopolies, and I would say to any talented young man, who is aspiring for high public honors, that if he will go to work in dead earnest, dig up the law in relation to these three most necessary elements to the bed-rock, and have the laws so amended that these three articles can never be made subject to monopolies, but forever to remain the common property of all, that he will be deserving of the highest honors the American people can bestow upon him. Now, whatever contributes to the prosperity of the farmers of the great San Joaquin valley contributes equally to the prosperity of the citizen of the metropolis of this coast. With these three elements free to all, land monopoly can offer but

feeble resistance to progress henceforth, as the new agriculture will drive it out as surely as the sun dispels darkness.

Now the people who will be most directly benefitted by this New Agriculture are those three or four millions of destitute and unemployed laborers, and those people who are suffering the pangs of hunger, and those who are at this time hindmost in the race of life; but it will indirectly benefit all, from the boot-black in San Francisco, to the ten millionaire. For instance, the Great Valley of California has ten millions of acres of land, and is an important tributary to the commercial greatness of metropolis of the Coast under the present order of things; but inaugurate legitimate agriculture—the agriculture of civilization, and its producting and life sustaining capacity would be increased ten-fold; which would for all good intents and purposes be equal to magnifying its area up to that of a tributary of one hundred millions of acres; with the great-additional advantage we have it condensed, is more easily held "well in hand."

It will be of incalculable benefit to all those who love their fellow man, for then poverty and destitution will be unknown except with the idle, dissolute and vicious.

Another of one hundred important items I will mention. We will hear no more of this everlasting cry of failure of crops from the cause of drought. When it becomes known and in general use, the wonder (the supreme wonder) will be, why so simple and efficient a plan should not have been thought of years ago. The new agriculture is as well calculated for a wet season as a dry one, as most efficient drainage is amply provided for.

Now the parties who have possession of a certain canal in Fresno County, who are doing their level best to sell land off at fifty dollars an acre whilst they have possession of it, try to make people believe that to run the water out there cost several hundred thousand dollars; and would also try and make them believe, that what they have in possession is about all the land and water that can be got together in the great San Joaquin Valley. It is false in every particular. All the work that has been done on the main portion of it has not cost more than twenty thousand dollars; and every locality in the valley can very easily have quite as good a supply; not with so little expense however; but the expense of getting out water will be but a bagatelle if they go to work systematically in any portion of the valley. I repeat that there is just as great a surplus of water in that valley as there is of land throughout its length and breadth. There is land and water enough south of Stockton were it utilized in a proper manner, to support five million of people sumptuously; and with a present population of thirty or forty thoasand—by

the guess—you cant find a desert there but what you can find an equal amount of water to match; but if you go there with any other idea, than when you become the owner of 160 or any number of acres of the ordinary plain lands with a corresponding amount of water, that you have anything more than the raw materials which the most fertile and productive farm under the sun can be manufactured, you are liable to come to grief.

In this pamphlet and the New Agriculture, I have made no pretention nor do I claim any skill in writing, but I have tried my utmost to elucidate in the plainest and most unmistakable manner, facts of the utmost importance to the industrial and laboring classes. My experience in land and water has been a costly lesson to me, and I hope it will not be lost. But with the exception of a few matters of trifling import which will be apparent to all, (for instance, placing of the engine in manufacturing the farm, and the amount of water used.) All the advice I have given in these all important land and water matters, I have given it just as advisedly and with equal good intentions that I advised my young men one quarter of a century ago, on the steamer Timour, wherein I asked them to avoid those three card monte sharps. You see, at that time I had been to California, and had seen thousands of simple ones fleeced by the game those "Roosters" were playing, and now at this time I have just completed 20 years service in this land and water business; and if peradventure I loose my grand canal, I will have come out at the little end of the horn; but it will be seen that through danger and hardship, I have paved the way for safety, comfort and progress for the human family.

## ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

At the age of ten years I was transplanted from a farm in St. Louis Co., Mo., to the Mound city, to live in the family of my brother, John Lowe, for the purpose of going to school, he being the oldest of a large family and I the youngest. I thought the change would surely kill me. I loved the farm and despised the city. Sitting Bull or Nez Perces Joseph couldn't have been more unhappy had they have been torn from their native wilds, at the same age, and placed in a city to go to school, under similar circumstances. That being the first time I had ever entered a city, I had very strange ideas of things in general, and would ask exceeding strange questions. It was an impenetrable mystery to me, how so many people could make a living there.

My brother being an active and well-to-do business man, and, of course, had many friends in the city to whom he would laugh, and tell about what refreshing ideas I

had of things. Consequently, many of them came to the house to interview me. I guess most of them left with the idea that I was as irreclaimable a young barbarian as ever was sent from home to school, in any country. But my brother and his family took up the idea that there was metal in me, and went to work vigorously to have it extracted; and if ever there were a well-intentioned lot of people wasted splendid energies, it was my brother and his household. Their patience seemed to be absolutely inexhaustible. I had a great deal of love and regard for my brother and his family, and would try to please them, but going to school had no attractions for me; I couldn't get up any interest in it. When I got as far along as the latin grammar, and was able to translate some of Esop's Fables, I would work sometimes with considerable interest until I could see the "point." I thought that was all that was required. But during the six or seven years I remained with them, I never went to school a day because I liked to. Towards the latter part of my stay in my brother's family, I took up the idea that making money was the principle aim in life. And when I got to driving cattle across the plains, and making money fast, I thought it would please my brother and his wife, the two persons of all others, with the exception of my mother, I would like to please to the echo. They were, undoubtedly, highly pleased at my success. But when I would go to their house, and be using the slang phrases I had picked up in California, and they saw that making money was my ultimatum, they didn't seem to think that they had struck it so very big, in what they had done for me, after all. They seemed to think there was higher aims in life than making money, and gave me to understand as much. But they seemed to be pretty well satisfied that I had turned out even as well as I had, as they were satisfied there was no lack of energy in my movements.

But it was not until after I was broken in fortune, and was vagabondizing around the northern country, sometimes with my blankets on my back, working a couple of weeks on a farm here, and a couple of months chopping wood there, and spending every cent I could get on water ditches, and turning them to no profit, that I began to recollect, with sorrow, the much good advice I had disregarded. Then it was that I appreciated the good taste and judgment of my brother and his wife, when they said that there were other aims in life besides making money. Then it was that I appreciated the proverb of the great King Solomon, when he said that "An idle boy brings shame to his best friends." I thought when he wrote that, he must certainly have had my case in view, for I thought it fit my case exactly. I thought I had even lost the sordid art of making money.

But the country still lives, thanks to the Creator, and is likely to. And, unconsciously, it would have been utterly impossible for me to have employed my time to any greater advantage than I was then doing. I was working myself up to my fullest capacity on the one thing needful, and the very thing I was best calculated for by nature and desire to accomplish; and could have occupied no position in life wherein I could have learned faster.

At this time, perhaps more than at any period of the world's history, the thinking portion of the laboring classes are contemplating the future with despair, at the prospect of being driven to the wall, through the concentration of capital in the hands of gigantic corporations, and in legislation inimical to their interests, and in favor of scheming monopolists. If there ever was a period when the monopolists had the people literally by the throat, it certainly is at this time. Land monopoly has done its worst; has culminated in "the desert land bill."

But it is as clear to me as sunshine, that what I have wrought and have made so many desperate attempts to demonstrate, when I do get it into operation, that it will kill land monopoly so dead, that it will, in its fall, like blind Sampson, pull down the pillars that support all monopolies. Monopoly is a tree that has borne evil fruit. It has sinned, and like all sinners, must perish. I know very well how to go to work to make the wedge that will open it to its mighty heart. Will do it easily, gracefully, lawfully and scientifically. You see so soon as the great leveling machine goes to work and demonstrates what it can do, and its effects are fully understood, land monopoly dies. Then there is an inexhaustible field for all to enter and obtain a competency.

With competency comes leisure, with leisure comes thought, and with thought comes progress and enlightenment; and with a combination of all these blessings, tyranny and oppression must go to the wall; their downfall will be inevitable.

## What Suggested the Idea of the Farm of Civilization.

Are there not many things in nature that are strikingly suggestive of some of our most useful works of art; for instance, the eagle's eye is strongly suggestive of the telescope; the Behemoth or one-horned Rhinoceros—

> His bones are as strong pieces of brass.
> His bones are like bars of iron.—Job XL, v. 8.

Does he not forcibly remind us of an ironclad gun-boat or steam ram, those most powerful and effective engines of naval warfare; and when these farms of civilization come in fashion, and after seeing one of them after it has

been well managed for three years, and one would then go up into the high Sierras in midsummer and behold one of those most luxuriant mountain meadows wherein great nature is wont to show off her wonderful productive capacity in the highest degree of perfection. One would detect instantly where the idea of the farm of civilization originated. Now these farms of civilization can be manufactured in the midst of any desert waste though the soil be never so rebellious, wherever the necessary amount of water can be obtained, (and where the desert where water cannot be obtained). Run me the water of the Truckee out on to the Humboldt Desert to the Hot Springs, where more refractory and rebellious soil does not exist anywhere in creation, and I will manufacture you as productive a farm as the sun shines upon; show you how to put Mother Earth in a melting mood and mould her into any shape, and then by running clear water over the soil, "purge it to a sound and pristine health." Then how to bring it up according to nature's plan, into the highest possible state of fertility, until you have the farm of civilization wherein one man's labor in it will produce that of five men under the old plan of this new agriculture, this agriculture of civilization. The world has seen nothing and knows nothing of its requirements, but I will say this for it, that through its agency; before the nineteenth century "shuffles off its mortal coil," agriculture will be considered a fine art; it will show that not only cupidity, but the lofty sentiment of patriotism will appeal loudly to the farmer to work his land up to its fullest capacity.

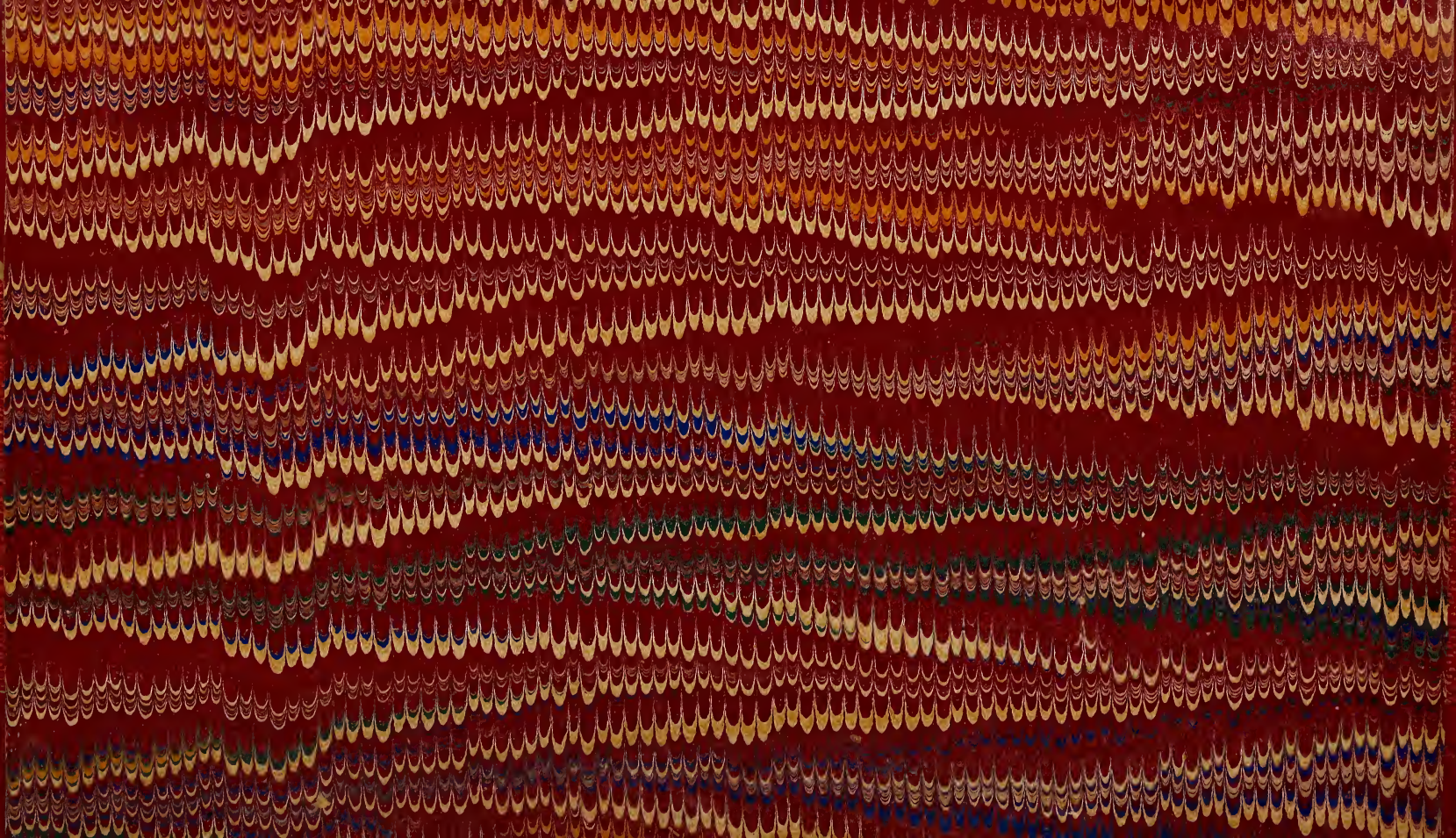
It will astonish mankind when it is clearly ascertained that the present unpleasant, and seemingly inextricable predicament of the laboring classes is due more to good old honest ignorance of the simple art of agriculture than to all other causes combined. Demagoguery will be unwilling to acknowledge it. There is but little use now to rail against land monopoly, of course it is patriotic and kind of newspapers and all mankind to try and save what few acres have not been gobbled up, on the outskirts; but the water is where the living fight of the present is to be made.

While the infamous Desert Land Bill was before Congress, when it could be strangled by the feeblest journal on the coast, so open and palpable was the monstrosity of it, I never heard a howl from any of them, but like Sir John Falstaff, "when everything is ended then you come." Now the living water is the live question of the day. Let us see who will champion the settler on a live question. The water carries the land with it. Although *it* is absolutely only worth the cost of appropriation, yet your water monopolist, if allowed to, can impede the progress of the settler wonderfully.

But the large minded man, whatever his occupation may be, if his attention be called to it, cannot fail to realize the truth of the assertion, that it is to Mother Earth we are to look for the natural solution of this labor problem. It is to the interest of every member of society from the ten millionaire to the victim of enforced idleness and consequent destitution, that this problem should be most speedily solved. I have done what I could towards it heretofore, and intend to do all I can hereafter. I have got far enough long to know what it is necessary to be done for a most happy solution of it, and how to do it in simplest manner, but from circumstances which I have been unable to control, and have herein tried to explain, I have been unable to make a practicable demonstration, that which of all else was the correct thing to do. Although the manufacture of these farms are very simple, requiring little more ability than is required in threshing a crop of grain in the most approved style. Yet it requires heavy and costly machinery, not more costly, however, than a first-class threshing machine.

Some writers say that the science of creating wealth is but another name for making other people have less, but not so with the great leveling machine, whilst it will hammer out a royal road to competency for all those that are hindmost in the race of life, I cannot see wherein it will take from the wealthy class, with the exception of land and water monopolists. Experience has taught me that those two are "unnatural occupations," and that nature never intended that land, water, air or sunshine should ever become subject to monopoly. I would have it distinctly understood that I am in no sense in favor of agrarian or communistic doctrine, but if the institution of land monopoly cannot withstand the test of natural science, I am decidedly in favor of letting it slide." And I am positive it cannot, and as it is the keystone to the arch that supports all monopolies, take it out and the whole fabric falls.

*San Francisco, October,* 1877.



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